NEW DEVELOPMENT BY THE MYSTERIOUS MILLIONAIRE (See First Page.)

These Numbers on SMITH'S WEEKLY CASH TICKETS which appear in the space opposite ☞ will be bought for £1 EACH.

If you haven't a CASH TICKET, send a stamped addressed envelope to The Editor, Smith's Weekly, Henrietta St., London, W.C.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£2,000 Free Insurance.

NUMBERS WORTH £1 APIECE. ☞ See opposite

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A 8076
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B 2992
C 1828
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G 4563
J 8942
M 3647

☞ See opposite

No. 834.] POSTAGE, ONE PENNY. WEEK ENDING JULY 12, 1906. ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"FOR YOUR HEALTH & YOUR DIGESTION'S SAKE"

USE

HOLBROOK'S

GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

THE SAUCE THAT CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

BUNS & CAKES MADE with certain success. It is so easy that even a child can make delicious light buns and cakes (Almond, Lemon, or Vanilla) by obtaining from Grocers, etc., a 1d. or 3½d. pkt. of

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR

Nature's Own Food The concentrated nourishment of Fresh Milk

PLASMON

One ounce contains more food value than a beef steak.

TRY PLASMON OATS CUSTARD BLANC MANGE

Go twice as far as any others

THE BEST INTAKE

to restore mental and physical power is a beverage like Cocoa: Fry's Pure Concentrated is described by the Medical Profession as a Perfect Example. The destruction of Tissue being inevitable, all work, physical or mental—even the vital processes of the body itself—having this result, Remember that the Best Intake is

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

"The Richest in flesh-forming and energy-producing constituents. There is no better food."—DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

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THE "FAVORITE" MACHINE Of Graceful Build and Excellent Finish. Guaranteed by Gamage's [illegible] Years' Reputation.

£5 10s. Cash or [illegible] Easy Monthly Payments of 10s. 0d. [illegible] Free Wheel, Two Rim Brakes, Warwick Tyres.

Fitted with [illegible] Gear, £7 5 or [illegible] Monthly Payments of 12s. 6d.

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"SEE THE SIGNAL"

KEATING'S POWDER

KILLS [illegible]

Tins 3d. 6d. 1/- Bellows 9d.

WHAT WOMEN SAY:

"Cheaper and Better."

Perhaps the most cogent evidence on foods is that supplied by women. The husband is generally the bread-winner, but the wife is the one on whom the selection and preparation of the household foods devolve, and she naturally studies foods and their influence more keenly than the average man does.

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

ALL WOMEN SAY:

There is no cheaper or better article on the market than Vi-Cocoa. It is sold by all grocers and stores in **6d.** packets and **9d.** and **1/6** tins; or you can try it absolutely free by writing (a postcard will do) to Vi-Cocoa, Ltd., 60 Bunhill Row, London, E.C., for a Dainty Sample Tin.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK TO-DAY

A ha'penny never yielded a richer reward than is offered you

H. SAMUEL'S GREAT FREE BARGAIN BOOK

—a valuable buying guide that stops the money-wasting gap between factory and purchaser, and puts into the buyer's pocket the profit thus saved.

SOME CONVINCING EXAMPLES: Massive Solid Silver Alberts, 2/6; Solid Gold Brooches, 2/6; Exquisite Betrothal Rings, 9ct. Gold, set with real Diamonds, 10/6; Dinner Cruets, 2/6; besides thousands of equally amazing values—IN ALL THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND COMPLETE BARGAIN SELECTION EVER OFFERED DIRECT TO THE PUBLIC.

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FREE PRIZES FOR PURCHASERS

Hundreds of handsome and appropriate presents for free distribution among H. Samuel's customers. Write for the Book and study the prize lists enclosed.

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MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2d. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

Old Artificial Teeth Bought; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. A. Browning, [illegible], 63 Oxford St., London (Estab. 100 years). Opp. Rathbone Place.

Photo Post-cards of yourself, [illegible] Catalogue and Samples free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel [illegible] bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc.; and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

Ladies recommend Gouther's Pills, of Apiol, Pennyroyal, Tansy, and Steel, because they have proved effective, 7½d., 1/3 and 4/6 per box.—T. W. Baldwin, Chemist, Electric Parade, Holloway, London.

Without interfering with ordinary employment workmen can largely increase their income by taking up a Leisure Time Agency. In four years I have paid £[illegible] commission to Spare Time Agents only. I provide and sell everything. Write for particulars.—J. G. Graves Ltd., Agency Dept., Sheffield.

"Small Gardens: And How to Make the Most of Them," by Violet Biddle, is just the book for those desirous of procuring the best possible results from their gardens; post free for 1/2 from The Publisher (S.G. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

To Those About to Marry.—If you want to furnish your home well and economically you should send 1/2 to the Publisher (H. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., for a handbook entitled "Small Homes and How to Furnish Them."

"Poultry Keeping for Pleasure and Profit," by F. T. Wilson, a thoroughly reliable and practical handbook; post free for 1/2 from The Publisher (P.K. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Photography.—"How to Take and Make Photographs," by Clive Holland, contains all information required by the beginner; price 1/2, post free, from The Publisher (P. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand [illegible] study, and produces highest speed. Interesting booklet free.—Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

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Ladies should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of Powell's Popular Pellets for ladies, the most effective remedy ever discovered.—W. P. Powell Remedy Co., Ruplingham Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

Lightning Firelighters light quickest, burn longest; cheap; wonderful; 1d. packets; all dealers.—Gill's, Heckmondwike.

"Cricket," Edited by G. L. Jessop, contains practical instructions as to how to play the game by K. S. Ranjitsinhji, C. B. Fry, G. L. Jessop, and others; price 1/2, post free, from The Publisher (C. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Alcoholic Excess.—Drunkenness is a curable disease. Home treatment with or without patient's knowledge. Strictly confidential.—Madison, [illegible] Bath Street, Glasgow.

Piles.—A Certain Cure for Piles.—[illegible]—Powell's, Chemists, Dept. 16, Aldershot.

Ladies' Highclass Second-hand Clothing. Send for catalogue.—Madame Dupont, Wood Green, London.

The I.R.S. Golden Compound Tablets are of priceless value to all ladies. They afford relief in every instance—frequently in a few hours. Gold coated, prepared with cream worth their weight in gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal, &c., and all similar preparations. Price, post free in plain wrapper, 1/3; (treble quantity) 3/3. Direct only from the I.R.S. Co., Dept. W., 145 Stockwell Road, London.

Great Sale of Oxford Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, Handkerchiefs, &c. Prices greatly reduced. See lists, samples for postcard.—Hutton's, 74, Larne, Ireland.

To Dog Lovers.—If you keep a dog and wish to know how to train him, and treat him in health and disease, send 1/2 for F. M. Ashley's new book on THE DOG, to the Publisher (D. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Greenhouses.—A practical handbook on greenhouses is entitled "Greenhouses, How to Make and Manage Them," by William F. Rowles. It may be had post free for 1/2 from The Book Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, etc., are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment; it absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness, and disease; full particulars on receipt of two stamps.—F. W. Roberts, 18 Henley Road, Southsea.

Wanted in every home Unbreakable Wire, [illegible] Lists free.—H. Houghton, Thetford.

Grand Bargains.—Beautiful Crockery [illegible] for wedding presents or home use. [illegible] Guinea Package, 3 splendid services, Dinner, Tea, Breakfast, complete, [illegible] Toilet Sets, from [illegible] Art Catalogue Free. [illegible]—Century Pottery Co., Dept. E., Burslem, Staffs.

£3 10s. 0d. £4/10 Free Wheel Cycles to be sold. Worth £7. As a huge Advertisement. Approval. Workmanship guaranteed. Free on Rails. Monthly Payments 5/- extra. Send for particulars. Est. nearly 30 years.

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"How to Preserve Strength and Retain the Powers." A Brief Treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Generative Weakness and Debility in Man. This book not only contains valuable remarks on how to preserve Strength and retain the Powers to an advanced age, but points out the best means of restoring Exhausted Vitality, Poverty of Nerve Force, Mental Depression, and will especially interest those who wish to fit themselves for business, study, or marriage. Sent sealed on receipt of a penny stamp by Charles Gordon, No. 1, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

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SEVEN YEARS' GUARANTEE.

Since '83 "STARS" have been in front for value. Our offer for 1906 is the best we have ever made and is in front of everything.

A "STAR" fitted with the best THREE-SPEED GEAR for £10 10 0

DON'T MISS THIS. FOURPENCE PER DAY BUYS A STAR ON OUR LIBERAL PLAN. SEND FOR LISTS.

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD., BELFAST,

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SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/11; 2½ by 3 yds., 5/11. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each. Real Linen Pillow Cases, 1/- per doz. Linen Sheeting, 2 yds. wide, 1/11 per yard. Roller Towelling, 3d. per yard.

Surplice Linen, 10½d. per yd. Dusters, from 3/3 per doz. Glass Cloths, 4/6 per doz. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/4 each. Fine Linens & Linen Diaper, 11d. per yd. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/4 per doz.

Manufacturers to H.M. the King and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be Sent Direct to Belfast.

M.A.P.

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"The Truth about a Royal Tragedy" To-day.

It is the true and secret story of the Assassination of the late King Alexander and his Consort Queen Draga of Servia.

Get M. A. P. Just Out and read this startling history.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.
TO INTEREST. TO ELEVATE. TO AMUSE.

No. 834. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JULY 12, 1906. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

THE M. M. EMPLOYS ASSISTANTS.

THE MYSTERIOUS MILLIONAIRE FINDS THE WORK TOO MUCH FOR ONE MAN. HE CANNOT BUY COPIES FAST ENOUGH, AND NOW EMPLOYS FIFTY MEN TO HELP HIM.

The following letter has been received by the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*. It bears no address, but the postmark on the envelope is Wolverhampton :

June 28th, 1906.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

I have had a very interesting and amusing time during the past few weeks purchasing PEARSON'S WEEKLY from people who have shown copies in their hands or in the windows of their shops or houses.

So far I have managed to collect no fewer than four hundred copies of your paper, for which I paid in cash and gifts over £200. As you are aware, amongst the articles which I have given in exchange are three very nice bicycles, several blouses, joints of meat, gold bangles, and last, but not least, a cow. The presentation of the cow was the greatest fun I ever had.

Now like my friend Brown, of Brightlingsea, I have plenty of money to dispose of. I prefer to spend my money in this way rather than to present free libraries to towns, or give my portrait to the National Gallery.

I see that some of the newspapers have referred to me as a "crank." This may be so, but I am not a miser.

Now, I find it a very difficult matter to do all the good I wish working single-handed. I therefore am employing a big staff of men, who are going to visit various towns and villages throughout the Kingdom, and purchase copies of the paper on my behalf. I shall not warn you beforehand where they will be every day, but shall let you know where some of them will be on certain days. So far I have arranged for fifty reliable men to do my bidding, and, if necessary, I shall double this number. It will cost me quite a sum in travelling expenses, but if I choose to spend my money in this way, who is to prevent me?

I do not know who you are, Mr. Editor, and I have never met you in my life, but I like your paper, and I like the type of person who buys it; this is why I have selected them to benefit.

I request you to publish this letter in a prominent position in your paper in order to enable readers in the United Kingdom to prepare for the visits of myself and my assistants. Personally I shall exchange only Five Pound Notes for copies of PEARSON'S WEEKLY. My assistants will buy them at anything from half-a-crown to a sovereign apiece. Special attention will be paid to copies exposed in windows, as I rather like going into other people's houses and seeing just how they arrange the ornaments on their mantelpieces.

My young men will spread themselves out all over the country on Wednesday, July 4th, and they will keep going for the next three months or so. I have not yet arranged which towns they will all visit, but I may say for certain that some of them will be in the following towns on Friday, July 6th: HOUNSLOW, ACCRINGTON, SEAHAM, and TONBRIDGE; and on Saturday, July 7th: NEWTON ABBOT, RICHMOND, BURY, MORPETH, and BEDFORD. The rest will scour the country, visiting towns and villages, and purchasing copies shown on the person or in the windows of shops or private houses.

Believe me,
Your Obedient
Servant,

The M. M.

The individual known as the Mysterious Millionaire has, so far, always kept his promises, and I have no reason to believe he will fail to do so in this case.

Readers may rest assured that I should not publish this letter were I not satisfied that the whole thing is not a hoax.

It is an opportunity which no reader of the paper should miss, and as these assistants of the Millionaire are apparently going to spring up unexpectedly in all sorts of places, you should never leave the house without a copy of *P.W.* in your hand, or sticking out of your pocket, nor should you fail to have a copy placed in your window.

The following readers of PEARSON'S have written this week to tell us that they have received cash or gifts in exchange for copies from the Mysterious Millionaire :

A LUCKY DOG.

I was walking along the High Street on Friday with my collie, which had a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* hanging on its neck. A gentleman, carrying a brown leather-bound bag, came hurrying up to me. "Whose collie is this?" he said. "Mine," I replied. "Will you accept this bag in exchange for that copy of *P. W.*?" he asked. "Why, certainly," I replied.

A rapid exchange was made, and he hurried away, leaving me in possession of a handsome, brown, leather-bound hand-bag.—J. G. CLOVER, The Compasses Inn, Broomfield Road, Chelmsford.

A NOVEL IDEA.

I had the pleasure of meeting the Mysterious Millionaire on Saturday evening. I was taking my milk barrow back to the dairy with a *P.W.* strapped round the churn, hoping it would catch the eye of the M.M., when I noticed two gentlemen coming down the road, with about thirty or forty children following them. I at once guessed who they were, and on passing, I looked back over my shoulder to see if they had noticed my copy. One spoke to the other, and then he beckoned me, and said: "Will you let me have that paper, I will give you a half-crown for it?" I assented at once, and he gave me the half-crown.—GEORGE T. WISE, 13 Berkly Road, Tunbridge Wells.

BABY GETS A BONNET.

I was walking along the High Street, Chelmsford, wheeling a mail cart in which was seated my baby, who was holding a copy of *P.W.* in her hand, when the Mysterious Millionaire came up and offered to buy something for baby in exchange for the copy of *Pearson's Weekly*. This I agreed to, and he took me to a linen draper's and bought baby a nice silk bonnet, which I was very pleased to get.—Mrs. NEWMAN, 114 Mildmay Road, Chelmsford.

A CYCLE FOR ONE PENNY

I had the good fortune to meet the Mysterious Millionaire in Broad Street on Saturday. I was walking up and down the street with a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* in my pocket when a gentleman beckoned to me. I crossed the road, and he then offered me his bicycle in exchange for my copy of *P.W.* Of course, I was only too pleased to do the business, and he left me the proud possessor of a beautiful bicycle.—A. F. CANDWELL, 20 Waldale Street, Reading.

COPIES BOUGHT FOR CASH.

Mrs. Hasemore, 20 John Street, Maidstone, 5s.
Mrs M. Luce, 52 Princess Street, Bury. 5s.
E. Falkner, 124 George Street, Coventry, 5s.
Mr. H. Bryan, 40 Gaston Road, Nuneaton, 5s.
Mrs. E. Horner, 29 Aston Rd., Nuneaton, 2s. 6d.
Mr. F. H. Bullock, 17 Tennant Street, Attleborough, Nuneaton, 2s. 6d.
Mr. A. J. E. Randle, Knutsford House, Edward Street, Nuneaton, 5s.
Miss R. Steward, Camden Road, Sevenoaks, 5s.
Mr. F. W. Shoosmith, Dorset St., Sevenoaks, 5s.
Mr. W. T. Morgan, 141 Victoria Road, Aldershot, 2s. 6d.
Mr. A. J. Jerome, Priar Bank, York Road, Aldershot, 2s. 6d.
Mr. E. McDonald, c o. Mr. Macmillan, 80 Princes Street, Helensburgh, N.B., 10s.
Mr R. Duncan, Rose and Crown Hotel, Durham, 5s
Mr. E. Stafford, Photo Co., 93 Claypath, Durham, 5s.
Mr. J. W. Allsop, 29 Claypath, Durham, 5s.
Mrs. E. Wilson, Back 121 Millburngate, Durham, 5s.
Mr. L. M. Smith, 21 Allergate. Durham, 5s.
Miss A. Robinson, Ferry Hill Village, 5s.
Miss E. Bambrough, 18 Newton Street, Deanbank, Ferry Hill, 5s.
Mrs. Rose, 76 Queen's Road, Nuneaton, 2s. 6d.
Mr. F. Taylor, 91 Dugdale Street, Nuneaton, 2s. 6d.
Mr. A. Hamson, Gosford Street, Coventry, 5s.
Mr. A. Southwell, 49 Norfolk Street, Wisbech, Cambs., 5s.
Miss E. C. Juniper, 10 Abbey Street, Faversham, 5s. 6d.
Mrs. Gardner, 38 Derby Street West, Ormskirk, 7s. 6d.
Mr. A. Horner, 49 Park Street, Salisbury, 5s. 4d.
Mr. W. M. Warren, 12 St. Clare Street, Penzance, 2s. 6d.
Mr. A. Cairn, 9 Percy Street. Tynemouth, 5s.
Mr. H. Nixon, Excelsior Buildings, Battle Hill, Hexham, 5s.
Mr. J. Sanderson, 35 Sankey Street, Warrington, 7s. 6d.
Mr. J. Ross, 42 Elswick Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 2s. 6d.
Mr, F. J. Boyd, 40 Shop Street, Drogheda, Ireland, 5s.
Mr. T. R. Agnew, Park House, Mariners Lane, Tynemouth, 6d.
Mr. W. Mouldry, 2 City Road, Peterborough, 5s.
Mr. J. Walker, King and Bells Inn, Foregate Street, Chester, 5s.
Mr. G. Ironmonger, 6 Liverpool Road, St. Albans, 5s.
Mr. T. W. Bowman, 25 High Northgate, Darlington, 10s.
Master F. W. A. Pryer, Caversham, Woodland Road, Guildford, 5s.
Mrs. Austin, Avondale, 296 Walsall Road, Fallings Heath, Darlaston, 2s. 6d.
Mr. J. Thompson, St. Hilda's Road, Hexham-on-Tyne. 5s.
Mr. E. G. Neakes, 10 Alexandra Terrace, Portway, Frome, 5s. 6d.
Mr. E. A. Shute, Queen Street, Nuneaton, 5s.
Mr. G. Watson, 23 William St., Nuneaton, 2s. 6d.
Master C. Mills, 109 High St., Newport, I.W., 1s.
Miss D. Thirkell, 99 Newgate Street, Bishop Auckland, 5s.
Mr. E. Mills, 109 High St., Newport, I.W., 10s.
Mr. C. E. Lovegrove, 80 Curzon St., Oxford Rd., Reading, 6s.
Mr. W. H. Lockett, 2 St. Paul's Rd., Colchester, 2s. 6d.
Mr. H. W. Lee, 67 Priory St., Colchester, 4d.
Mr. G. Adamson, care of Mr. W. Trayler, Butt Rd., Colchester, 2s.
Mr. J. A. Palmer, 3a Berners St. Ipswich, 2s. 6d.
Mr. E. J, Clarrey, 62, St. Matthew's St., Ipswich, 2s. 6d.
Miss K. Orrin, 23 Regina Road, Chelmsford, 2s.
Miss A. Westlake, 10 Hall Street, Chelmsford, 2s. 6d.
Mrs. Appleton, 2 Mill Road, Chelmsford, 5s.
Mrs. E. Grenham, 36 Upper Bridge Road, Chelmsford, 6s. 6d.
Mr. J. D. Brown, 39 Davy Street, Dean Bank, Ferry Hill, 5s.
Miss Fisher, 31 Elliott Street, Ipswich, 2s.
Miss C. Aspland, Boundary Terrace, Creek Road, March, Cambridgeshire, 1s.
Mr. E. Duckett, 111 Bartholomew Street, Newbury, Berkshire, 2s. 6d.
Mr. C. Winchcombe, 18 Denmark Road, Newbury, Berkshire.
Miss E. S. Henly, Westfield House, Craven Street, Newbury, Berkshire, 10s.
Mr. G. W. Davis, Excelsior House, Allington Road, Coronation Road, Bristol, 5s.
Mr. J. Davies, 22 Beresford Road, Reading, 10s.
Miss E. Hasler, 125 Broad Street, Reading, 5s.
Miss Goodwin, 22 London Road, Tunbridge Wells, 5s.
Mr. A. Green, Lime Hill House, Tunbridge Wells, 2s. 6d.

COPIES EXCHANGED FOR—

Boots and Shoes.
Mr. T. Gardner, Framwellgate Moor, Co. Durham, pair of boots.
Mr. Gass, Sevenoaks, pair of shoes.
Mrs. Hall, 232 Walsall Road, Fallings Heath, Darlaston, pair of boots.
Miss J. Rutherford, 9 The Woodlands, Fletton Spring, Peterborough, pair of shoes.

Handbags.
Miss Dorothy Noller, Orwell Villa, London Road, Ipswich, purse bag.
Mr. J. Mullins, 12 Lime Street, Aldershot, brown leather handbag.
Mr. C. W. Springett, Hawthorn Cottage, Green Street, Green, near Orpington, brown leather handbag.
Mr. J. H. Axford, 43 Cheap Street, Newbury, leather bag containing 2s. 6d. postal order.

Pipes and Tobacco.
Mr. V. Barnden, 10 Well Road, Maidstone, pound of tobacco and pipe.
Mr. H. Smith, 12 Victoria Road, Sevenoaks, pipe.
Mr. A. H. Newman, 55 Preston Place, Ryde, I. of W., pound of tobacco.
Mr. J. Gillingham, 14 Charles Street, Ipswich, 1s., ¼lb. cigarettes, and cigarette holder.

Jewellery.
Mrs. M. A. Smith, 34 Lyson Rd., Aldershot, brooch.
Mrs S. Watson, 19 Oak Lane, West Bromwich, gold brooch.

Blouse.
Miss E. H. Baker, 31 Lime Hill Road, Tunbridge Wells, blouse.

Chocolates.
Miss M. H. Gray, Broom Cottages, Ferry Hill, Co. Durham, box of chocolates.

Groceries.
Mrs. Barnsley, 158 Oak Road, West Bromwich, 6½lb. bacon.

Neckties.
Mr. A. Packham, 113 Victoria Road, Aldershot, two neckties.

Photo Frame.
Mr. H. Bartlett, Lawn House, Aldershot, photo frame.

Umbrella.
Mrs. J. Clanchy, 13 Shrub End Road, Colchester, silk umbrella.

Hat.
Mrs. E. Rose, Green Street, Ryde, I. of W., hat.

THE INTERVIEW.

By HERBERT JAMIESON.

MR. SYDNEY APPLETON, retired, well-to-do, ex-Mayor of Little Byfield, strolled round his garden.

Ordinarily he found this a highly enjoyable occupation; with his long hours of leisure he did not know what he would do without his garden. But this morning his mien was anxious, his interest slight. He walked up to his rose bed and looked at it, but it was evident that the superb La France, then in full bloom, failed to appeal to him, and that his thoughts were elsewhere. He took out the garden roller and rolled the walk, but the work was too mechanical to banish the worried expression from his face.

What had happened to disturb the serenity of ordinarily so placid a gentleman?

In his pocket, almost burning the lining, was this letter:

"10, Chiswick Mansions, London, S.W.
"April 23rd, 1906.

"DEAR MR. APPLETON,—You will be surprised to receive this letter from one who, up to the present, is a perfect stranger to you. During her visit to London I have seen much of your daughter Milly, and, to be perfectly candid with you, have fallen deeply in love with her. I believe that my love is reciprocated by the dear girl, but, as I am personally unknown to you, I think it only right that I should ask your consent before seeking her hand in marriage.

"As, under the circumstances, a personal interview is the most satisfactory thing, I propose to take the train down to Little Byfield to-morrow, and to see you on the matter, laying my entire position before you. Meanwhile, believe me to remain,

"Yours very truly,
"CARL HILLYARD."

When the above letter arrived at breakfast-time, it was as though a bomb-shell had burst at Mr. Appleton's feet. He spilt a whole cup of coffee in hastily concealing it from the inquisitive eyes of his younger daughter Beryl, and the bacon was sent untasted away after a lame explanation that he was off his "feed." Ah, if only his dear, departed wife were here to help him deal with the crisis that had arisen in the usually placid life of "The Limes"!

Never a hint had come to him that anything of this nature was likely to occur. Three weeks previously Milly had gone on a visit to an aunt in London, and the date of her return was still unfixed. "Enjoying myself immensely"—this had been the burden of her communications. Who could possibly have fathomed the nature of that enjoyment!

Suddenly the sound of footsteps fell on Mr. Appleton's ears. He looked up—and trembled from head to foot. A young man was carefully closing the garden gate. The moment for the dread interview had come.

The gate shut, the stranger fell to studying the house from attic to basement. So engrossed was he that he failed to notice Mr. Appleton, who was timidly approaching by a side walk. He was dressed in a tweed suit and a bowler hat. Mr. Appleton, who had expected him to arrive in a top hat and a frock coat as calculated to make a greater impression, felt slightly relieved when he observed the less formal attire.

The young man now saw him, and politely raised his hat.

"Good morning, sir! Have I the honour of addressing Mr. Appleton?"

"That's me!" replied the ex-mayor, too nervous to be regardful of grammar or to tabulate carefully those first impressions of his visitor as he had intended.

"I hope I have not come too early, sir?"

"Not at all! Not at all! Let's go into the house!"

"But I don't like to take you away from your gardening."

"Not at all!" For the life of him Mr. Appleton could not think of anything else to say.

"I would have come by a later train, but, to use a gardening metaphor, 'the early bird catches the worm,' you know."

A shadow of displeasure crossed Mr. Appleton's face. Such a quotation from the lips of a prospective son-in-law was hardly in the best taste. Milly—a worm!

"We'll go into the drawing-room by the French window," he said stiffly, leading the way towards the house.

Once ensconced in his favourite arm-chair and with a cigar between his lips, Mr. Appleton felt more self-possessed. But, in his trepidation, one thing had mysteriously faded from his mind—the gentleman's name. Never mind, it would come back to him in a minute or two, and after all it was relatively unimportant.

"This is a trying situation, my young friend," he said reflectively.

The "young friend" raised his eyebrows inquiringly. By this time Mr. Appleton had decided that he was plain to look at, but then handsome men never make satisfactory husbands.

"Yours?"

"No—ours! I mean—you must know that to a father the bare thought of being separated from one's daughter——"

"Separated, Mr. Appleton? Is that quite the word?"

"No, perhaps not! But you understand my feelings on the point. Milly and I have rarely been parted for an hour. The man to whose care I give her must necessarily be of the highest character."

"I'm sure I can satisfy you on that matter, Mr. Appleton. I took the liberty of bringing some of my references and certificates with me."

He fumbled in his pocket.

Now, much as Mr. Appleton admired practical natures, this young man's proceeding in collecting testimonials from his friends and acquaintances savoured too much of a business transaction to be thoroughly pleasant.

"That's all right," exclaimed the ex-mayor hastily, motioning him to put the documents back into his pocket. "I'll take them as read. Your words—er—are quite sufficient."

"Very good of you, I'm sure. Then I've matriculated."

"Oh!" This interesting piece of information hardly seemed to affect Milly's welfare. "I see. Studious in your habits, eh?"

"Very! As a small boy, I was never without a book in my hands. I passed the College of Preceptors when I was ten, and the Cambridge Junior when I was only a bit older. And then the prizes I got. I'm well up in Latin, German, and French, and have a smattering of Greek——"

Here Mr. Appleton interposed. Milly's suitor was evidently a man of culture, but why he thought it necessary to parade his scholastic attainments was not so apparent. Perhaps the fellow was talking thus to hide his deficiencies.

"Quite so, my young friend, quite so! Now let me ask you a question—a delicate question! Are you in every way a fit and proper person to assume the charge of Milly?"

"I assure you that I am, sir."

"You have never had—an attachment in your life?"

The young man coloured. He looked as though he was disposed to resent the question.

"Never! I have had too little money ever to contemplate marriage, and so love was best left alone. But this unexpected chance——"

Chance! Then the man had suddenly stepped into a fortune and had offered Milly his hand and heart on the strength of it. Mr. Appleton's manner perceptibly warmed. This just showed that one should not judge by appearances.

"Ah, we are coming to essentials now. Well, I don't mind telling you that I'm not rich. You see I'm retired, and haven't the opportunity of adding further to my little pile. Just comfortably off, that's all." He plunged his thumb into his waistcoat and took a comprehensive look round his solidly furnished drawing-room.

"Oh, I shouldn't expect you to give me very much."

"I beg your pardon."

"I repeat I should be content with quite a moderate sum."

Mr. Appleton's few remaining hairs went almost straight on end.

"What, sir?"

"Oh, I shouldn't like to name the figure. If you would just let me have enough to live comfortably on."

Mr. Appleton was too much astonished to ejaculate a word. His visitor, seemingly engaged on a mental calculation, had his eyes on his boots.

"I shall, of course, take into consideration the fact that I shall be living with you here."

Why the ex-mayor, with the inclination to apoplexy engendered by indulgence in many mayoral dinners, did not have a fit on the spot, must remain a mystery. He went absolutely red in the face, and the words with which he found speech were little more than a gurgle.

"With me here, sir?"

The young man looked up surprised. The voice was that of another man.

"Are you not well, Mr. Appleton? That was clearly set out as part of the arrangement."

Mr. Appleton found his voice and words. This last straw had broken the camel's back. He sprang to his feet and came threateningly towards his visitor, dancing on his toes and shaking his fist in the other's face.

"You scoundrel! You miserable hound! You've only come here to insult me. If Milly has consented to such an arrangement, she is no daughter of mine. I disown her. I never wish to set eyes on her again. I forbid her—the pair of you—the house."

The man addressed had gone as pale as Mr. Appleton was purple. He rose hastily from his chair and entrenched himself behind it.

"There is some misunderstanding."

"There's no misunderstanding. You've been brutally candid with me; I'm going to be brutally candid with you before I fling the door open and kick you out. You thought you could come here and sponge on me, did you? Well, you've never made a bigger mistake in your life. Annex my money, live in my house—oh, you barefaced thief! I insist on knowing this. Has my daughter put you up to all this, or are you acting off your own bat? Your calm assumption that I'm going to keep you both is one of the most infernal bits of unmitigated cheek that I——" It was perhaps fortunate that at this juncture rage made the speaker half-choke, and that the next words were inaudible.

The young man was standing bewildered.

"Please hear me!"

"No, I won't hear you. I've heard you long enough. If I had a horsewhip handy I'd——"

"Mr. Appleton, sir, please be calm! Whom do you take me for?"

"For what you are—a scamp that ought to be swept off the face of the earth. How you ever dare make love to Milly——"

"There is some mistake, some extraordinary mistake. Do you know who I am?"

"I've forgotten your name, but I've got your letter safe enough. Yes, here it is! No, you shan't have it. I'm not going to let it out of my possession. I intend to keep it as the work of one of the most impudent fellows that ever crossed my path."

The other man was now calmness itself. He approached Mr. Appleton, who had subsided into a chair perfectly breathless.

"Now, perhaps you will kindly allow me to explain. I am here in answer to this advertisement in to-day's *Daily Intelligence*." He unfolded a newspaper and began to read: "'Wanted, gentleman tutor for girl of fourteen; knowledge of modern languages essential; University man preferred; live with family; moderate salary.—Apply Appleton, The Limes, Little Byfield.' My name is Percy Edmonds—there's my card. I'm here, as I said before, in answer to that advertisement." He cleared his throat. "I think I am fairly entitled now, Mr. Appleton, to a little explanation from you."

* * * * *

A lanky girl came running over the lawn, lesson-book in hand and hair a-flying.

"Where's Mr. Edmonds, Milly?"

The girl in the deck-chair opened her eyes.

"I don't know."

The lanky girl cast eyes at the vacant chair beside her.

"And don't care!"

"Don't be silly, Beryl! But I don't think he's gone out of the garden."

"Ah! there he is, taking a constitutional all by himself in the shrubbery. What luck!"

She skipped away. Milly closed her eyes. The two voices discussing a problem in Euclid were just distinguishable from where she was sitting.

How peaceful it was in the old-world garden at "The Limes"! That moment she felt that she would like to lie here all day and dream. The words she had listened to five minutes previously had furnished ample material for dreaming.

How different this scene—and that! Only a few months ago Carl Hillyard—the real Carl Hillyard—having visited "The Limes" on the afternoon of Edmonds' memorable interview, and, having wrung a reluctant consent from Mr. Appleton, had proposed to her—and been refused. All his passionate protests had been unavailing; she did not love him. The strong weapon he held—the paternal consent—which he fancied must carry the day, had proved ineffectual.

Now, had she found her life's mate in a poor tutor, whom she had dismissed for fifteen minutes whilst she thought—and thought—and thought? Strange his coming here at all! Stranger still, his staying after that awful mistake her father had made! She still smiled at the recollection of that interview, the story of which had been told many times. And all because Mr. Appleton, cast into trepidation by Mr. Hillyard's letter, had entirely forgotten about his advertisement.

What would her father say to Percy Edmonds now? Much as he liked and respected him as Beryl's tutor, could he contemplate him in his new capacity?

The voices from the shrubbery had ceased for a minute or so. There came a light footstep over the grass.

"Is that you, Beryl?" She knew perfectly well it wasn't, but this is a woman's way.

"No, it's I." He bent over the back of the chair. "It's a quarter of an hour since you sent me away. Well?"

She slowly picked to pieces a blade of grass in her hand.

"It's—all—right—Percy."

"You dar——" His hands were on her shoulders.

"Stop! You must go and ask papa first. He's sitting reading in the drawing-room. Better luck than last time!"

Over the lawn Edmonds stepped, his heart in his mouth. He remembered that one awful interview with Mr. Appleton. Would his reception now be anything similar?

Wretched luck! Mr. Appleton was dozing; the paper had fallen across his knees. But to go back now was to play the coward, and only intensify his anxiety. He coughed. Mr. Appleton opened his eyes.

"Ah, Mr. Edmonds, is that you?"

"I wanted to speak to you alone, sir. I'm not a rich man. Only my small private income and the salary you give me."

"Oh, you want an increase, do you?"

"Only an increase—to my happiness. I've been presumptuous, I know, but I want your daughter Milly. She loves me, I love her, and——"

"Bless me, I'm not dreaming, am I? I'm not under a delusion? You're not after a situation this time? You really want to marry Milly?"

Edmonds bowed his head.

"Then take her, my boy, take her! I've always liked you—except during the first twenty minutes of our acquaintance. I'll stand behind you in the matter of money. There's my hand and blessing! Now go and tell Milly!"

And Edmonds went.

HE was an earnest student of modern literature, and the little man opposite would persist in trying to talk as the train moved on.

After countering several conversational openings the student began to grow tired.

"The grass is very green now, isn't it?" said the little man pleasantly.

"Yes," said the other; "such a change from the blue and red grass we've been having lately."

And in the silence that followed he began Chapter XII.

A.: "The decision has gone against me; I've got to pay Miss Weber a thousand pounds for breach of promise of marriage."

B.: "My dear fellow, I am delighted." (Shakes hands warmly.)

A.: "What, you are delighted?"

B.: "Yes. Excuse my feelings, but it is impossible for me to hide my feelings; I'm engaged to her, you know."

A capital story this. If you want to read another like it, you'll find it in the current number of SMITH'S WEEKLY.

Changes I have Seen.

VI.—IN THE ROYAL NAVY. By Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle, G.C.B., C.M.G. (Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom).

[A most distinguished officer, Admiral Fremantle, served in the Burmese, New Zealand, and Ashanti Wars, in the last named of which he was severely wounded, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his services. He also took part in the blockade of the East Coast of Africa, 1888-89, and in the Vita punitive expedition a year later. Apart from his war decorations Admiral Fremantle holds no fewer than four medals for saving life at sea, viz., the Royal Humane Society's silver, copper, and gold (Stanhope) medals, and the medal of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society. Admiral Fremantle is a well-known writer on naval subjects, and two or three years ago published a delightful book of reminiscences under the title of "The Navy As I Have Known It."]

To simplify the difficult task of putting a quart of reminiscences into a pint pot of space, I propose to divide the changes I have seen in the Royal Navy since I joined it in 1849 into those which have affected, first, the ships, and second, the officers and men of His Majesty's Navy.

Here, then, is a description of my first ship, the *Queen*, which at that time was the finest and largest vessel in the service:

She was a three-decker, of 3,099 tons' measurement, 204 feet long between perpendiculars, 247 feet over all from taffrail to knight-heads. Her extreme beam of breadth was 60 feet, and she drew 26 feet water. The height of the mainmast, truck to water-line, was 204 feet. Her main-yard was 111 feet long, fore-yard 96 feet, and maintopsail-yard 78 feet.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

She was a modified Symondite—the name given to ships built by Sir William Symonds when Controller of the Navy—and a wonderfully good sailer for a three-decker, carrying her guns well.

These guns were 116 in number, all, of course, being smooth-bore. Our lower deck battery consisted entirely of 8-in. 65 cwt. guns, an unusual armament at that time, when 32-pounders were still the heaviest guns carried in line-of-battle ships.

On the middle deck we carried long 32-pounders of 56 cwt., on the main deck 32-pounders of 42 cwt., and on the upper deck mostly 25 cwt. 32-pounders, on slides or improved carronades, which we called "gunades," with a few 42 cwt. 32-pounders.

The guns were fired by what was then called a trigger-line, with a lock and detonating tube, sights marked to degrees being used, and quoins for elevating shell both with time fuses and Moorsom shell to burst on impact, as well as, of course, solid shot, though the lower deck's guns fired a hollow shot, weighing, I think, 56 lbs.

Our great (gunnery) evolution was three rounds quick firing, *ships lying yard-arm to yard-arm*. Now the reader can easily compare for himself the dimensions and armament of the *Queen* with those of, say, the *King Edward VII.*, and thus appreciate the enormous difference between the two battleships, a change, however, more startling to the layman than the sailor.

For, after all, the transition from sail to steam, from oaken timbers to Harveyised steel plates, from smooth-bores to 12-in. breech-loaders, and from "yard-arm to yard-arm" fighting to battles waged at a range of three miles, has been a gradual one, and to those in the Navy these changes, momentous as they were, came as insensibly as one's own growth from midshipman to admiral.

THE FIRST STEAM WARSHIP.

Still, I do remember vividly my first introduction to steam. In 1851 the Mediterranean Squadron had recently been joined by the *La Hogue*, one of the old 74's, fitted with auxiliary steaming power. She was a full-rigged vessel, and was sailing with the squadron in a trial of sailing, of course with her screw raised.

It was a good working breeze, and the *Superb*, which was sailing very well, was well to windward of the *Queen*, while *La Hogue* was to leeward. About noon the *La Hogue* was ordered to get up steam, and though only capable of steaming about six knots, by five o'clock she had overhauled the *Superb*, the admiral almost sorrowfully remarking that possibly, by keeping off the wind, the *Superb* might have escaped her; but it was evident that a ship fitted with little better than rudimentary steam power would even in a fresh breeze overhaul a smart sailing ship, and one could not fail to perceive that sails were practically doomed.

Doomed they were, and with the introduction of steam, and the war which began between guns and armour, a new race of sailors was called into existence.

But, before coming to this, the second part of my subject, a word in regard to perhaps the most startling change I have seen in naval weapons of offence—I mean the change from the old smooth-bore of the *Queen* to the deadly torpedo.

The advent in 1885 of the torpedo marked a revolution in naval warfare. Indeed, in many naval quarters there was something approaching a panic. In the House of Commons, in the debates on the Naval Estimates, 1886-87, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre moved that the construction of the *Nile* and *Trafalgar*, which had been commenced in the previous year, should be suspended (his contention being that ironclads were doomed), and he was supported by several naval officers in the House. The motion was opposed by Mr. Hibbert, then Secretary of the Admiralty in the Home Rule Government; but, whilst doing so, he stated that these were probably the last two big ironclads we should ever build! There was a similar scare recently over submarines, but, as in the case of the torpedo, I was, and am, no believer in the extinction of the big battleship. The torpedo and the submarine have modified the naval tactics of thirty years ago as materially as did steam and armour the tactics of my still younger days; but I think that big battles will long continue to be decided by the "big battalions." However, I must turn from ships to men.

NEITHER BETTER NOR WORSE THAN HE WAS.

Here let me say at once that if the modern naval officer and man has changed greatly in his professional acquirements from the naval officer and man of fifty years ago, he is neither better nor worse than his predecessor in the qualities of courage, capability, and whole-hearted devotion to duty. In these respects he could not, in my opinion, have improved, and I am confident that he will never deteriorate in them.

Nor would I say that the modern sailor is technically more accomplished than his forerunner. Naturally, he knows much that would have been Greek to the officer or man of my naval youth, but equally is ignorant of many things that were matters of everyday knowledge to us fifty years ago.

In general education he has probably changed for the better. I remember when I entered the Navy my examination consisted in writing a few lines of dictation, and answering the not very abstruse problem: if a yard of cloth costs 1s. 4d., how much will three yards cost?

Still it must be remembered that even now the naval authorities, in regard to the commissioned ranks, wisely look more to a youngster's promise of developing those qualities, moral and physical, which make an efficient officer, than to mere book-learning.

A HARDER LIFE NOWADAYS.

In respect of comfort, I think the Navy has changed for the worse, for both officers and men. Our men fifty years ago had easier times than at present. They were no doubt frequently hard put to it in bad weather at sea; but, generally, there was not too much for men to do, and a man-of-war's man expected, and generally got, his watch below both at sea and in harbour, so that any employment of all hands, except in cases of emergency, was looked upon as a grievance. In the *Queen* our men always had their watch below, and this was usually the case in my second ship, the *Spartan*; now, as is well known, there is no such thing as a watch below for the blue-jackets in harbour The strain of naval competition was not then on us as it is now, and though we had traditions to live up to, and rough work at times, there was considerable leisure for both officers and men, which they do not get now. In regard to punishments, I do not think that they were really more severe than they are now. Fifty years ago flogging was, of course, freely administered; but I may remark that there was some virtue in this summary punishment, which often settled a case of insubordination or desertion, which now results in a court-martial, and a long sentence of imprisonment or penal servitude.

But now to conclude with the greatest change I have seen in the *personnel* of the Navy. I refer to the change in system of training, both of officers and men, under which the executive and engineering branches are no longer separated. On this point I will only say that as Drake, in the sixteenth century, was undoubtedly right when he insisted on the soldiers and gentlemen being content to "haul and draw with the mariners," so, in the present age, dependent as we are entirely on mechanical science, it is right that our officers and men should be taught to "grease and gauge" with the engineers. If I know anything of the public spirit and patriotism of my old service, this will become more and more appreciated as the conservative prejudices connected with sails die out.

In President Roosevelt's words: "In future, every naval officer must be a fighting engineer," and again as Mahan puts it: "The artist is greater than his materials, the warrior than his weapons." And I rejoice to think that great as have been the changes I have seen since the days of timber, sails, and sheets (ropes), these changes have all been in the direction of helping us to maintain our position as the paramount Naval Power.

E R Fremantle

WHAT MAIDS-OF-HONOUR DO.

About the Daily Duties of the Queen's Most Constant Companions.

THE most coveted position amongst gentlewomen in the kingdom is that of Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra. At the moment, four ladies hold this honourable position. Wherever the Queen goes—to State function, ball, theatre, party, at home or abroad—at least one Maid will be in constant attendance upon her. Yet, though so much sought after, the post is no sinecure. It requires a particularly talented lady to fulfil all the Queen's requirements.

That they must be daughters of aristocrats is, of course, essential—usually they are daughters or grand-daughters of peers—but, failing their right to a title, or precedence by birth, they are allowed the prefix of Honourable immediately upon appointment to office.

A Maid-of-Honour's day commences immediately after the Queen has breakfasted. Though her Majesty's private secretary will see to the bulk of the correspondence the morning's post has brought, there will still remain many letters of a more or less confidential and private nature, which the Queen will answer personally, through one of her Ladies-in-Waiting. That, alone, requires a Maid-of-Honour to be an accomplished linguist, for almost daily Queen Alexandra receives communications from her numerous relatives in different parts of Europe.

Immediately this is over, and if the weather be fine, the Queen, who spends a good deal of her time in the open air, especially when staying at Sandringham and Windsor, will order her carriage for a lengthy drive. A Maid-of-Honour always accompanies her Majesty; while on those rare occasions when the Queen goes out on horseback, one of her ladies, similarly mounted, rides with her.

To the management of horses will be added the care of the sick and the poor. For it is on such occasions that the Queen pulls up before some of the cottages of her villagers, and sends her Maid-of-Honour to inquire as to the health and prosperity of the inmates.

Back to luncheon, there is usually some function at which the Queen, and, of course, one or more of her Maids-of-Honour, must attend. If a King or Queen, or anyone of princely rank, is visiting King Edward, the Maids-of-Honour must be present with the Queen, to greet them on arrival. During the season, when Drawing Rooms are held, the Maids take part in the Royal procession to the Throne Room, and are in attendance upon her Majesty throughout the ceremony. At State concerts they sit immediately behind the Queen and her daughters. At State balls they are always close at hand, to adjust the Queen's cloak or wrap, or to take her fan or flowers from her.

There is no ceremony, indeed, not even of a semi-official nature, such, for instance, as the presentation of medals by the King to soldiers returned from service abroad, or the distribution of badges to hospital nurses, at which the Queen is present without her Maids-of-Honour. In all Royal processions, moreover, these ladies occupy the carriage immediately preceding that in which the Queen herself is sitting.

Unless requested to join the Royal Family at luncheon or dinner, Maids-of-Honour, after having placed a special bouquet upon the dining-table at the Queen's right hand, retire to the dining-room kept specially for the other ladies and gentlemen of the Household. But they are again in attendance upon her Majesty immediately she enters the drawing-room—to play the piano, to sing, to read, to play bridge, to do needlework, painting, or any amusement or occupation which Queen Alexandra may decide upon.

Being a renowned musician herself, the Queen spends a good deal of time at the piano, and the Maids are usually chosen because of their accomplishments in this direction. All are excellent pianists and singers. They must needs be so, else they would not be able to play in the duets which her Majesty loves to take part in personally, with a brilliancy of style, and absolute accuracy of detail, that would astonish many a first-rate professional performer.

While Queen Alexandra is engaged in poker work, art needlework, or carving, in all of which she is particularly proficient, she often desires one of her Maids to read to her. Here, again, proficiency in foreign tongues is essential, for the Queen may require the book to be translated into English, or to be read in the language in which it has been printed. At any rate, the elocution must be of the very best order.

Until the Queen retires for the night, the Maids are not free from their responsibilities. Although very comprehensive, the duties of a Maid-of-Honour are not arduous, the Queen being a most considerate and kindly mistress. And, of course, should one of the Maids marry during her term of office, Queen Alexandra, as has been the custom of the Court for centuries, presents her with £1,000 as dowry. Her Majesty's consent, however, must be obtained for the match. Most of the Maids marry exceedingly well, their position in the Court naturally bringing them in contact with highly eligible suitors.

Have you secured a SMITH'S WEEKLY Cash Token yet? If not, now is the time. It might be worth £250 to you.

HOW PLATE-GLASS IS MADE.

The cast plate-glass of which mirrors, shop-windows, and such things are made, is prepared from the whitest sand, broken plate-glass, soda, a small proportion of lime, and a much smaller amount of manganese and cobalt oxides.

The glass, when perfectly melted, is poured upon an iron table of the size required, and the thickness is regulated by a strip of iron placed down each of the four sides of the table. Immediately after it is poured out the molten substance is flattened down by an iron roller, which lowers the glass to the thickness of the strips at the sides. It is then annealed, or tempered, for several days, after which it is ground perfectly level, and polished to transparent brilliancy.

The first plate-glass was made in 1688, at St. Picardy, in France, where the process was found out by an accident, as so many other important methods in manufacture have been discovered, where there were eyes to see the accidents and minds to apply them, or the lessons they taught, to the advance of art or industry.

Britain makes 300 million yards of linen a year.

Many paupers have lived to be one hundred years old, but there is not a single record of a millionaire attaining that age.

The name "milliner" really means "Milaner," the first hat trimmers in England having been ladies from Milan.

DOCTORING FOREIGN STAMPS.

The postage stamp collecting hobby has been responsible for the birth of at least one little-known profession.

There are several men who make a good living out of "doctoring" stamps, and their business consists of ingeniously repairing valuable foreign stamps, which, by some means or other, have become torn or defaced.

When you come to consider what a boon one of these men would prove to the stamp collector who possesses a torn, but nevertheless valuable, specimen, you cannot wonder at the success with which their efforts have been met.

There are many collectors who make it a rule to insert only clean specimens in their albums, and when they perhaps accidentally tear or damage a perfect stamp, they requisition the services of the stamp "doctor."

Of course, for a man to be able to piece together stamps exactly, great care and tact need to be exercised. One of the "doctors" issues guarantees for the proper and safe return of the specimens intrusted to his care, or, in default, agrees to pay their catalogued value.

A ton of oil has been obtained from the tongue of a single whale.

A bee, for all its industry, energy, and the innumerable journeys it performs, will not collect much more than a teaspoonful of honey in one season.

The flesh of forest rats is esteemed a culinary delicacy in parts of Cuba. Their main article of diet is Brazil nuts, which impart a good flavour to them.

WHY LARKS ARE EASILY CAUGHT.

No bird is so easily netted as the lark; he generally starts from the ground just before the lower edge of the net touches him, and invariably mounts perpendicularly. This characteristic propensity to ascend at once may be observed by any person who "treads up" a lark in a field, and satisfactorily illustrated by releasing, at the same moment, a newly-captured lark and a sparrow from a cage or hat within the precincts of a room.

While the sparrow will fly off horizontally, dash himself against the window, and lie almost stunned from the shock, the lark will almost always mount upwards to the ceiling, and flutter there for a time, in vain efforts to reach the sky, before he attempts any other mode of exit; but this habit is fatal to him in the netting season.

He would generally be able to escape, as indeed the bunting or clod-bird, the sparrow, and the linnet constantly do, by flying straight forward; but ascending, as he does, directly from the ground, the moment his wings have touched the upper part of the net, it is suffered to drop suddenly and his capture is rendered inevitable.

NOT ALWAYS SO.

"Are you the man who writes these funny jokes?" asked the determined-looking caller.

"Yes!" responded the *P.W.* joke editor, wondering meanwhile how his interviewer had escaped the fighting editor.

"And you write these things about women going shopping all day, and taking up the time of all the salespeople, and spending only twopence—and that for tram fare?"

"Occasionally I do turn out such a thing."

"Well," growled the caller, exhibiting a bill for dresses, bonnets, laces, and ribbons, that unrolled until it trailed on the floor, "I just thought I'd show you what a gap there is between fact and fancy."

"But, daughter, you should practise your music whether you like it or not. When you grow up and get married your husband will——"

"But I intend to marry a man who can afford a pianola, mamma."

She was an old lady. It was her first holiday excursion, and she entered the compartment of a railway carriage with much trepidation, and sat down rather gingerly in one of the corner seats. Just as the train was getting into motion the engine gave a shrill scream, or whistle.

Thereupon up jumped the old lady, and, with a startled ejaculation, exclaimed:

"There they are noo, ower a pig at the very start!"

SHE DIDN'T STOP.

In a certain town in the county of Wexford there is a house, the door of which must be raised a little to be opened, and for this purpose the hatchet is generally used.

One night lately a knock came to the door, and a youngster was sent to see who was there.

"Who's there?" inquired the youngster.

"It's me," said a voice outside.

The youngster, knowing the voice, shouted back (in such a tone that the person outside could hear him), "It's Mrs. Murphy; get the hatchet."

Needless to say, the woman didn't wait.

"Wasn't Beatby terribly disappointed in love?"

"I don't think so."

"But I heard that he was when the heiress threw him over."

"Oh, he didn't care so much; but his creditors were disappointed."

Statistical Boarder: "Have you the remotest idea, for instance, what the world's supply of honey is?"

Sentimental Boarder: "Yes, sir. The world's supply of honey weighs exactly 116 pounds, and her name is—well, I'm not going to mention it in this crowd."

BULLET-PROOF PUDDING.

Colonel Blank, who keeps a sharp eye upon the men's food, swooped down upon the cookhouse one day, and demanded a slice of the men's pudding ration.

"Heavy as lead!" he declared. "You'll hear more of this, sergeant."

So the trembling sergeant-cook did, and sooner than he or the colonel thought, for a careless soldier fired a shot which sped across the square and found its billet in the colonel.

"Narrow escape for you, sir," said the hastily-summoned surgeon. "The bullet did not penetrate the skin even. I can't understand why it didn't go right through you."

The sergeant-cook was an Irishman.

"It's aisy enough to undhershtand, sorr," said he, instantly. "Sure, didn't the colonel just ate a slice av me bullet-proof pudding!"

The colonel smiled grimly, and said no more about the pudding's toughness.

"Do these terrible motor races do any good?"

"Oh, yes. Every once in a while one of the scorchers is so badly smashed up that he can't race any more."

"Yes, I got her out before the walls of the theatre fell."

"Did she keep her presence of mind?"

"No, she threw her arms about my neck, and nearly strangled me."

"You must have had a time tearing them loose?"

"No; I told her her hair was coming down."

NO TELEPHONE THERE NOW.

Mr. Putney had a telephone in his residence, but as it is principally used by Mrs. Putney and by her many friends, it is perhaps natural that she and they should identify the instrument solely with Mrs. Putney.

Not long ago, being alone in the house, Mr. Putney answered the 'phone when it rang violently at about the hour of nine. The following conversation ensued:

"Hello!"

"Well?"

"Is this Mrs. Putney?"

"No."

"I mean, is this Mrs. Putney's 'phone?"

"It is not. The ownership lies with the telephone company."

"Ha, ha! That's pretty good. But tell me seriously, is this Mrs. Putney's house?"

"Really, I can't say. Until lately I thought not, but as everyone else seems to think it is, perhaps I am, after all, quite mistaken."

"You're a great joker, aren't you? Kindly tell me whether Miss Putney is there."

"She is not."

"Who is this talking?"

"This? Oh, this is only Mrs. Putney's husband, the father of Miss Putney, the man who lives at Mrs. Putney's house, and occasionally does odd errands for Mrs. Putney. She got him with the house, you know."

"Oh! she did, did she?"

"Yes."

"I say!"

"Well?"

"Rather rough on Mrs. Putney, isn't it?"

Whereupon Mr. Putney hung up the receiver, and determined to give orders the following day for the removal of the telephone.

PREVENTING THE FLOODS.

Holland is a country of wooden piles and dykes, for the people are perpetually fighting against the encroachments of water. One building in Amsterdam rests on no fewer than 13,659 piles, though the dykes around the town, which have been erected at enormous expense, effectually prevent any chance of a flood. The streets of the flourishing port of Rotterdam even are frequently under water in the winter, and in some parts of South Holland the people are compelled to do their shopping in boats.

When the Zuyder Zee breaks on to the land, those who wade up to their knees along the streets of a flooded village meet all manner of fish. This is explained by the fact that the Zuyder Zee, with its mud bottom, is literally crammed with finny tribes; and one authority states that if it were well scraped of all its fish one year, it would be full again the next.

The land of Holland is really of four distinct levels, and from ten to twelve feet between the highest and the lowest. To make the land dry, the water is pumped from the lowest level to the one immediately above it, and so on, until the water has been returned again to the sea. A large number of engineers are specially engaged to look after the dykes, and no less a sum than £500,000 is expended every year in keeping these fortifications against the sea in proper repair.

There are 5,400 square miles of coalfields in Great Britain.

Japanese children begin to go to school when six years old. During the first four years they learn Japanese and Chinese; in the next four years every child has to learn English.

THE SOCIALISTS' RED FLAG.

The red flag of Socialism and Anarchy was originally a symbol of law and order. In France, on October 24, 1789, it was enacted that in cases of riot, rebellion or disorder, this flag should be carried before the National Guard, to warn the disturbers of the peace of the approach of official interference. For this purpose it was used only once, and then on the field of Mars in Paris, on July 17, 1791, on the occasion of the riot caused by the Jacobin petition for the deposition of the King.

"Down with the red flag!" was the cry with which the fathers of modern Anarchism greeted the banner. That day the red flag was baptised in blood, and ever since was regarded as the bloody symbol of tyranny.

The historical place of the red flag was strikingly illustrated in June, 1832, at the funeral of General Lamarque. The appearance of a man on horseback, with a red sash and a red flag surmounted with a Jacobin cap, was then the signal for the riots, during which the red flag waved for the first time from Republican barricades. The black flag of rioting working men on the Continent did not give way to the red one entirely, however, until the Revolution of 1848.

The biggest fresh-water fish, the "arapaima," of the Amazon, in South America, grows to six feet in length.

Well-trained Spanish women learn to handle the sword from their earliest years, and as a result they have admirable figures and an easy walk.

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Latest Machinery Hired Here.

A Kind of Royalty which Manufacturers Pay.

The word royalty doubtless suggests to the large majority of minds that portion of the profits of a book or print which finds its way into the author's pocket. This system, of course, consists of a single act rather than an ever-present continuity.

If the purchaser were charged according to the number of times the book was taken from its shelf, or for every look he gave the picture, he would think twice before he entered into the agreement. Although there is no immediate prospect of the knights of the pen enjoying such a rosy state of affairs, such a system exists in the realms of patent machinery.

In some manufacturing centres it would be difficult to find a factory entirely free from royalty machinery, although the manufacturers regard the system as scandalous.

The reason for this inconsistency appears to be that the unwary are induced to accept the leased machinery on account of the initial outlay being so much smaller than would otherwise be the case, although it cannot be disputed for a moment that the ultimate price paid far exceeds the value of the machine, while the latter never becomes the property of the lessee.

A manufacturer requires a machine for a certain purpose. The royalty firm steps in and offers to supply the best machine on the market on lease, for a certain sum, plus royalty.

The boast respecting the quality of the machine is not an empty one, for it is part of the vendor's business to buy up all patents which affect the particular process in which he is interested, and to use or discard them at his discretion.

Needless to say, the wording of the lease is the work of the most skilful lawyers, and amongst many other restrictions is sure to provide that the user must keep the machine in perfect order at his own expense, although there will be a large brass plate attached in a prominent position calling attention to the fact that the machine is the property of the lessor.

An indicator will also be found to register the number of revolutions, and it is from this that the monthly royalty account is made out.

The period usually fixed on is twenty years, but the lease is always worded so that the patentee may bring the arrangement to a close when he finds it desirable to do so, while the manufacturer can do nothing of the kind.

The amount charged as royalty varies according to the strength of the vendor's position.

If he is offering a new idea, which will revolutionise a process, it is safe to say that the royalty will be heavy in proportion; but when the machine is closely rivalled by another one, the charges will naturally be more moderate.

The audacity of the lessors frequently saves the situation, when no other means will answer, as has been seen on many an occasion.

For instance, a certain manufacturer's business increased until it became necessary for him to have another machine, which may be called A.

He was already using one on the royalty principle, which was costing him fifteen pounds per month, besides seventy pounds which he had paid for the lease; but since he signed the latter a firm had patented a machine for the same purpose which was being sold outright for a hundred and ninety pounds.

As it was known to be equal to the royalty machine, the manufacturer bought one, and fixed it in his factory. The next time the inspector called to read the indicator he noticed the new machine, and duly reported the incident to his employers.

At once a representative called on the manufacturer, and, pointing out an unread clause in the lease, explained that unless the new machine was at once discarded, and another machine similar to the first substituted, the original machine would be removed.

The manufacturer replied that nothing would suit him better than the execution of the threat; but as the representative had called merely to "bluff," nothing was done in the matter.

About twelve months after, however, the royalty company secured the patent rights of a truly wonderful machine, which came under the manufacturer's notice.

The latter asked for a quotation, therefore, and was staggered to find that it was leased only in conjunction with five other machines.

This meant that the manufacturer must get rid of five similar machines, which were his own property, including the new A machine, and fix the same number in place of them, on which he must pay royalty.

The man of business returned to his office and worked out the figures, and as it looked as though there would still be a small margin of profit in the scheme, he went in for it.

Thus the engineers once more obtained control of the A machine, after suffering defeat in open competition.

Husbands, Don't Spoil your Wives.

By a Spoilt Housewife.

It may be right for a husband to pay all the taxes, and such like things, but is it fair to his wife? Is it not right for a woman to have some knowledge of these matters? Again, is it advisable for a husband to attend to his wife's correspondence entirely?

A case in point. One widow lady can hardly write a letter, and when she does attempt the task, always manages to introduce a few eccentricities in the spelling line; added to which her handwriting is execrable. This lady was well-educated; she could spell accurately and write a good hand at one time; wherefore her lapse?

Her husband, ever thoughtful of his wife, and eager to save her trouble, undertook to write all her letters, even to relatives, immediately after marriage. Of course, she got out of the way of writing letters, and when her husband died she was placed in a rather awkward dilemma.

It is doubtful if she will ever be able to write correctly again, and the worst of it is that she is thought to be illiterate by those who do not know her well.

That's how a man, with the best intentions in the world, can spoil a wife. There are many things a husband should do in order to save his wife trouble, but writing all her letters for her is not one of them. Of course, a wife under the circumstances could get aid from outsiders, but some women are averse to flaunting their private affairs before the eyes of strangers; moreover, it makes one look woefully ignorant.

Will it be believed that some married women hardly ever handle money? It is true all the same. The husbands pay for everything, and attend to all matters involving the outlay of cash. But they are very thoughtless men who so act, for naturally the women, in time, simply lose any idea of the exact value of money.

You may ask, "Do these women ever go shopping?" They do, but the bills are rendered to the husbands. This sort of thing spoils a woman, and if she is suddenly deprived of her husband, why, her lot is by no means a happy one.

Again, it is no uncommon thing for a husband to become a slave to his wife. He may not be aware of the fact, but a slave he is nevertheless. He obeys her slightest command; her word to him is law; he performs numberless tasks in order to save her trouble, tasks, too, which by all the laws of right should be performed by a wife herself.

One silly husband went the length of bathing his children and putting them to bed of an evening, whilst his wife sat downstairs reading a novel, and, by the way, he was no henpecked man either. He had simply got into the habit of doing everything possible with the object of saving his wife any unnecessary worry!

Such a man is, of course, a fool of the first water, and spoils a wife completely. He usurps her place in the home, and helps to either unsex her, or turn her into a poor, useless creature, both equally undesirable conditions.

Some men, again, quite spoil the lives of their wives. These men, in the very early days of matrimony, give their newly-found treasures too many expensive gowns and trinkets. These men are very weak-willed, but they spoil their wives all the same.

A certain couple started out on their matrimonial journey with a very well-filled purse. They took up residence in a large house, but ere a few short years were over they had to be content with the most modest of dwellings.

This came about through the foolish man laying out large sums of money for the gratification of his equally foolish wife. Whether he thought his money would last for ever, or she imagined he had more cash than he really possessed, no one knew, but in the end they had to sell off the greater part of their furniture, and take their departure to a very small domicile, where they now live in comparative poverty on his bare salary.

It was his saved-up money they ran through. Now, here is the worst point—the woman has not lost her taste for expensive finery, consequently she is discontented, and, naturally, her life is so far spoiled.

Now, had the man acted in a right way, and not been so stupidly lavish, they might this day have been enjoying all the little comforts which an ordinary couple could desire, or, rather, could require.

These are some of the ways in which a man can spoil his wife. There are others, but from the above you may easily see how it can be done, done too, at times, with the best intentions in the world.

My most Troublesome Passengers.

By a Railway Superintendent.

During the holiday season the superintendent of a railway line seems to become acquainted with all the cranks living within a hundred miles' radius of the terminus. There are all sorts of cranks—the luggage crank, the seat crank, the ticket crank, and several others. Each kind of crank could be subdivided into further classes. I hope this article will be the means of reforming some of them.

To commence with the luggage crank. There is a considerable number of persons about, one of whose principal aims, it seems, is to pose as travellers of wide experience. To this end they will insist upon porters plastering their portmanteaux and trunks with labels—not on the spot already occupied by a label, but in a fresh place each time, until every available inch of the surface is covered. Some of these "much-travelled" persons—mostly young men, by the way—even go to the length of tipping a porter to paste on half-a-dozen or so of the various specimens in his possession, and to smear them over afterwards with a piece of dirty cotton-waste!

They often get punished, however, for it is impossible for a guard to tell, among so many labels, which was the latest stuck on the luggage, with the result that the passenger has to suffer for his vanity by waiting a day or two, and sometimes longer, while his luggage does a tour round the kingdom.

Among luggage cranks must be numbered those persons who will not take advantage of the facilities offered for booking luggage in advance. They suffer from the delusion that personal supervision is safer. Ladies are particular offenders. With much bustle and excitement, they buttonhole an inoffensive porter, and stick to him like a leech, pushing violently through crowds of passengers, or getting a dozen times under the wheels of his trolley, and hampering the movements of all officials, until they see their bags and boxes safely stowed in the van. When the journey commences they worry the guard every time they see him, with requests and instructions as to the care and disposal of their luggage.

Insufficient addresses and hurried labelling daily turn tons of luggage derelict temporarily, during the season; but the passenger who gives much more trouble is he who is accompanied by piles of unnecessary baggage. One young gentleman recently started for the North with so much luggage that it required six four-wheeled barrows to take it on the platform. You know it is bad form to shoot snipe in a grouse suit. Hence the necessity for so much luggage.

Now for the seat crank, and, unfortunately for the railway official, there are plenty of them. This is a sample of some of the requests made to us. The passenger was a lady. She wanted to be accommodated with a corner seat, facing the engine, not next to the corridor, nor on the sunny side of the train, which was bound for a five-hour journey to the North. It was also to be in a ladies' compartment!

Unless they ride in the place they have set their minds upon—in the centre, front, or rear of the train, facing, or with their backs to the engine, in a corner seat, or some other certain position—many fussy passengers will wait hours, and miss several trains rather than travel. I have known some to reserve a whole compartment in order to satisfy their fad in this direction.

The person I have designated the ticket crank is he or she who, despite asking practically every official in the station whether such a train goes to a certain place, and getting courteous replies in every instance, yet enters a train going to another place altogether.

Then there is the passenger who loses his ticket, or who refuses to give it up until surrounded by officials; the person who will travel in non-excursion trains with an excursion ticket; his close relative who, when provided with a through ticket, insists on breaking his journey; and a bevy of others, who put faith in their cleverness—by assuming a dulness of intellect, or by pleading poverty—to pull them through without paying the necessary excess fares. These tricks may worry and annoy officials, but they don't often succeed in their object.

Cranks of the miscellaneous order are those who demand that the crying baby in the next compartment shall be removed to some other part of the train; the nervous individual who declares that the compartment he is in oscillates fearfully, and that a bolt or a coupling must have worked loose; and the passenger who seriously and solemnly asks for a refrigerator to be put in his compartment. But enough! Hurry up, winter!

Gold, gramophones, watches, cameras, safety razors, brooches, and many other useful articles are being exchanged every day for SMITH'S WEEKLY Cash Tickets. If you have not got one, send at once to the Editor.

Picked Pars.

A few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

A Dog's Rubber Boots.
A New York lady has provided her fox terrier with rubber boots, as a protection against damp and rheumatism.

Wireless Telegraphy in Japan.
The Japanese Government has adopted a system of wireless telegraphy which is totally independent of any system in use elsewhere.

Punished for a Theft of Nine Years Ago.
For stealing an egg, value 2d., nine years ago a man (who served through the South African war) has just been summoned at Wycombe County Police Court, and he had to pay 5s. costs.

Engraver's Use of a Pin.
All the letters of the alphabet, together with the whole of the numerals, have been engraved on the head of an ordinary pin by Eugene Wrenger, an expert steel and copper engraver, of St. Louis, U.S.A.

Fatal Rose Thorn.
The death of a collier at Winnoth Dale Chapel, Staffs, was stated at the inquest to be due to a rose thorn. He was pruning in his garden when the thorn pierced a finger and set up blood poisoning.

Caricaturing under Difficulties.
Since the middle of November last no fewer than thirty-five new comic and satirical journals have appeared in the Russian capital. Of these fourteen were suppressed after the publication of their first number, while nine committed suicide for fear of a police prosecution.

Barred at Night-time.
In France it is illegal to capture frogs at night.

What's in a Name?
Hamatoma is the medical term for the black eye of ordinary civilisation.

On an Average.
About 3,500,000 people are on the sea, either as passengers or seamen, every day in the year.

A Welshman who has Read the Bible Twelve Times.
Mr. John Evans, of Min-y-don, Barmouth, who has just died, had read the Bible through twelve times.

Rebuilt Fifty-Seven Times.
Herat, in Afghanistan, is the city which has been most often destroyed. Fifty-six times have its walls been laid in ruins, and fifty-seven times have they been built.

Seventy Miles of Hair.
Few ladies are aware that they carry some forty or fifty miles of hair on their heads; the fair-haired may even have to dress seventy miles of threads of gold every morning.

Superstition and Drowning.
In Java it is supposed that, if a live sheep is thrown into the water, it will indicate the position of a drowned person by sinking near it. A curious custom is practised in Norway, where those in search of a drowned body row to and fro with a cock in the boat, fully expecting that the bird will crow when the boat reaches the spot where the corpse lies.

Tortoise fed by Hand.
The oldest tortoise in the London Zoo has seen 350 summers. He has to be fed by hand with cabbages.

Beautifying the Black Country.
The King has sent 20,000 willow saplings to the Midland Reafforesting Association. They will be planted on the pit mounds in the Black Country, many of which have already been transformed.

Concealing Stolen Goods.
When arrested, a thief sentenced at Manchester to six months' imprisonment for shopbreaking had five ladies' belts round his waist, two round his arms, ten yards of chiffon round his legs, and two pairs of trousers on.

Hairpins a Speciality.
The greatest of the world's manufactories of hairpins is at Painswick, a village situated in the Stroud valley at the foot of the Cotswolds. There are no fewer than 300 persons employed in turning out these trifles of the boudoir, and hundreds of automatic machines are in constant operation transforming miles of wire into tons of finished pins.

Windows by the Thousand.
It is doubtful whether Queen Victoria of Spain will ever "go over" her new abode in its entirety, as ordinary young brides so love to do, for if she did four miles of corridors and passages every weekday it would occupy about a year. The Escurial contains 1,200 miles of these passages. It has also 11,000 windows, not including those of the church. It is a remarkable building, comprising at once a palace, a convent, a church, and a mausoleum.

Picture Pars.

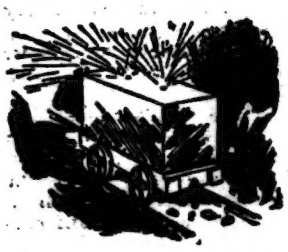
A gold-plated pencil-case is given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph used here. See footline.

BACK TO THE LINES.

When railway waggons are derailed appliances known as ramps are employed to get them back to the metals again. Ramps are about thirty inches long and from twenty-four inches broad at the base to eight inches at the top. A ramp is placed on the metals in front of the derailed waggon, and the flange of about two and a half inches deep on its two sides guides the waggon wheels back to the rails.

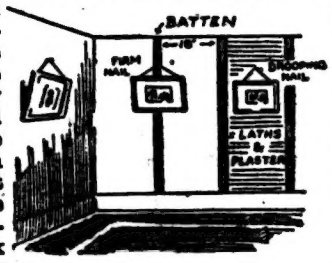
LAYING THE COAL DUST.

This sprinkler for laying coal dust in mines prevents many an explosion. The tub is filled with water and by means of a pump connected to a small crank on one of its axles the water is forced through an air vessel. Sprayers make the water into fine spray when it leaves the tub, and as the tub travels through the mine the roof, sides, and floor are thoroughly watered and explosions are thus avoided.



HOW TO HANG PICTURES.

There is a right and a wrong way in hanging pictures. If you wish to have the nail firmly implanted in the wall, tap the wall till you find a batten—you can tell it by the solid sound. Nails can be driven into this firmly and the picture will be safe. Battens are usually placed eighteen inches apart, so that after one is found the others are easily discovered. If you knock the nails into the laths and plaster which are fixed to the battens, however, drooping nails and an occasional fallen picture will be the result.



A LIFE SAVER.

A drinking pan made especially for young chickens is shown here. It is known as a ring pan. If an ordinary water receptacle were used the little chicks might easily fall in and drown. The ring pan has a number of rings or bands inside, and should a chicken tumble it would lodge on the rings and so be kept out of the water.

WATCHING THE CONVICTS.

Convicts, though they sometimes escape from prison, do not often succeed in getting clean away. This is owing to the admirable system of watching that is employed. On the outskirts of Dartmoor Prison mounted men with saddle revolver pockets and the initials C.G. on their collars may be observed. They are not warders but men belonging to the Civil Guard. The duty of these men is to watch from a distance the prisoners at work, and to be ready to intercept on the main roads any convict who in an attempt to escape has eluded the warders.

THE WALL'S OWNER.

Of course you have noticed on boundary walls a projection something similar to the one shown in the illustration. This buttress acts as a stay for the wall, but besides this it denotes who is the owner of the wall. The landlord of the ground on the buttress side is the person to whom the wall belongs. It is useful to know this when such a wall divides two gardens and might be claimed by the landlords on each side.

Personal Pars.

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

The King.
The King is probably the only motorist who has ever been regularly driven by a policeman. For some time past his Majesty's motor-car has been in the hands of the police. It may be explained that the King has been employing skilled policemen-chauffeurs from Scotland Yard.

Lady Crewe.
The Countess of Crewe, who was Lady Margaret Primrose, the second daughter of Lord Rosebery, shares with her distinguished husband the delights of hunting and shooting. At many of the fashionable race-meetings they form members of the same house-party and attend the races together, though their opinions as to the merits of a horse and its chances of success do not by any means always agree.

Lady Warwick.
The Countess of Warwick, who took so prominent a part in the recent general election in support of the Labour candidates, is a true sportswoman. She is one of the cleverest women drivers of a four-in-hand in Great Britain, and has on one or two occasions had the honour of having King Edward at her side on the box-seat of her coach. Her ladyship also hunts regularly with both the Essex and the Warwickshire hounds. The Earl of Warwick is at the present time abroad on a big game sporting expedition, but when at home he and his beautiful countess are frequently to be seen together as amiable rivals in the field of sport.

The ex-Empress Eugenie.
The ex-Empress Eugenie is eighty years of age. She has been so long in the country in which she found a refuge when the revolutionary storm swept away the second French Empire that all English people have come to regard her with a kind of affectionate sympathy. That she is actually "of Scottish descent" is often overlooked. Her grandfather was William Kirkpatrick, to whom tradition gives for ancestor the giant Finn Mac-Cual, a king in Ireland 1,700 years ago. The Empress lives in seclusion at Farnborough Hill, Surrey, and there she has had built a pure white mausoleum, where black-robed Benedictines pray constantly for the welfare of the souls of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial.

Lord Templemore.
Lord Templemore, an Irishman, is the "Father" of the House of Lords, of which he has been a member since 1842, when he came of age. He is closely followed by the Earl of Leicester, who succeeded his father in 1842, and came of age in the following year.

Miss Lena Ashwell.
The stage owes Miss Lena Ashwell, who has recently begun her season at the Savoy Theatre, to Miss Ellen Terry. She was studying at the Royal Academy of Music when Miss Terry picked her out from among the other pupils who recited before her, and urged her to take her dramatic gifts upon the boards. Her singing voice had then given way, and she was glad in 1891 to take a speaking part of six words in a play at the Islington Grand.

Mr. Leslie Stuart.
Mr. Leslie Stuart, the composer of the new musical piece, "The Belle of Mayfair," which was so cordially received at the Vaudeville Theatre, was, it has been stated, once upon a time a call-boy at the old Amphitheatre, Liverpool. To day he is one of the most popular of living composers, as he knows to his cost, since no one probably has suffered more grievously at the hands of the pirates, who have sold some of his best-known productions, such as "Soldiers of the Queen," "Little Dolly Daydream," and other delectable ditties by the hundred thousand, to their great profit and the luckless author's impoverishment.

The Kaiser.
The Kaiser's newest rôle is as an enthusiastic collector of picture postcards, and he is said to throw himself into the pursuit with all the native energy that characterises him in more weighty matters.

Mr. J. M. Barrie.
Mr. J. M. Barrie is the enviable possessor of a key to the gate of Kensington Gardens, close to his house in Lancaster Gate, and may thus enter the gardens at any hour of the day or night. After his delightful story of "The Little White Bird" (the scene of which is laid in Kensington Gardens), had been published, the late Duke of Cambridge, then Ranger of Hyde Park, sent Mr. Barrie the key with a note to say that he thought it only fitting that the author of such a charming book should have that key.

Sultan of Johore.
Among the latest applicants for membership of the Aero Club is the young Sultan of Johore, one of the most progressive and enlightened of Oriental potentates. He carries his love of Western fashions to the point of dressing in English style, driving a smart dogcart, and playing polo. He is a dead shot, and has bagged as many as seven tigers in a day, always stalking his quarry on foot. Visiting Australia once in quest of sport, he was "held up" as a prohibited alien, and was not allowed to land at Port Adelaide until sundry yards of red tape had been uncoiled. His originality was strikingly in evidence a few years ago, when, as the result of an accident with a horse, the whole of his incisor teeth were destroyed. The Sultan had them replaced by teeth of solid gold, into each of which a large diamond was let. As the slightest flicker of a smile entirely uncovers them the effect is a weird one to the beholder, especially when the sun catches the gems and makes them flash fire.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A FASCINATING SERIES.

THE DARK SIDE OF LONDON.

By EX-DETECTIVE INSPECTOR SWEENEY
(late of New Scotland Yard).

V.—LOOKING FOR A CLUE.

In most murder cases there is some sort of clue, which usually indicates carelessness or stupidity on the part of the murderer. Many readers of criminal cases, in romance and real life, become so accustomed to following the history of events ("from clue to capture," as one romancist entitles it) that the difficulties are entirely overlooked.

Naturally, there are many cases on record where the "clue" points unmistakably to the only possible perpetrator of the deed, but such clues are by no means common. Usually the clue is of a most indefinite character, requiring extraordinary talent, and sometimes extraordinary luck, to lead to any satisfactory solution of a mystery.

One of the most baffling tragedies which ever happened, was a North London murder, occurring in the early days of my Scotland Yard experiences. The murderer, or murderess, has never yet been discovered, and the story itself reads much more like the opening chapters of a Sherlock Holmes romance than a real modern drama, of which nearly all the principal actors and actresses are still living in London, one, at least, being still bowed down with the shadow of a terrible bereavement. To give the names would only re-open old wounds, punishing again the innocent sufferers.

The curious can find all the names by perusing the daily newspapers of January, 1884, and seeing the Government proclamation announcing the offer of a large reward (still unclaimed) for the discovery of the murderer.

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

On New Year Eve, in the year mentioned, a smartly-dressed, good-looking young man of twenty paid a visit, in company with a young man friend, to the home of two young ladies, whom they were courting. Unknown to the young lady he was visiting, he was simultaneously corresponding with another lady living in the Midlands, whom he met occasionally, and who was likewise ignorant of the existence of a rival.

At the age of twenty, much can be forgiven a young man whose affections are a trifle divided. He bore a good character generally, and was treated like a son by the father and mother of his London lady friend. He was popular at the office where he worked. He received a salary of £100 per year, and would in due course receive promotion, and considerable increase in salary. Apparently he had no cares or worries. He had a character for sobriety, and always paid his way. He was an illegitimate son—his mother lived in the country.

After an evening's quiet festivity, the whole party, including mother, two daughters, and the two young men, set out together to attend a New Year Eve service at a local church, returning home at 12.30 after midnight. They all parted at the door of the house, the young man's friend leaving him, as their roads led in separate directions. Next day, the young man's dead body was found within a stone's throw of the house. He had been strangled with his own pocket handkerchief. The latter was tied in three knots behind, in a manner which was conclusively proved to be inconsistent with the theory of suicide. In his gloved right hand he convulsively clutched a portion of a woman's silk dress. The ground was disturbed, as if a terrible struggle had taken place, and on the spot was found a gold earring.

Those are all the facts. The gold earring and the portion of dress looked like important clues. The victim's pockets were rifled, money and a silver watch and gold chain were stolen. What romancist, with such a start, could fail to make his detective hero triumph in the last chapter? But we had to take things as we found them, and all our ingenuity, experience, and hard work, all the publicity given to the case, and the official offer of a reward have failed after many years to unravel the mystery.

BOMB BY PARCEL POST.

Three years later, I had to unravel the mysteries of an attempt to murder, which in the first stages seemed to me to present even fewer clues than the former horror. Mr. John Tussaud, of Madame Tussaud's famous waxworks, received by post a parcel containing a cleverly contrived infernal machine. Had Mr. Tussaud opened it in the ordinary way, there is little doubt he would have been instantaneously killed. Fortunately, his suspicions were aroused in time, and he handed the unopened case to the police, whose experience enabled them to ascertain the contents with a minimum of risk.

As soon as it was clear what murderous intention inspired the dispatch of the parcel, I was instructed to investigate the matter. At the busy post office, from which the parcel was sent off, it was absurd to expect a detailed recollection of every sender of a parcel, and I had to sift every description, and use my judgment as to the possibilities and probabilities. Mr. John Tussaud's own history needed the utmost consideration, for it was absolutely necessary for me to think where and when he could unwittingly have made a revengeful enemy.

Fitting one description into another, I at length came to the conclusion that a certain dismissed employé named White might be the miscreant, and with this man in my mind, I found none of the other details were inconsistent with his guilt. When I found that White had fled from his latest known address, I felt encouraged in my theory.

TRACKING DOWN THE MISCREANT.

Tracing a missing man demands all one's powers, but it presents nothing like the difficulty of tracing by other clues. A man cannot spirit himself away without leaving behind some traces. White had abundant peculiarities, with all of which I made myself familiar. I learned, also, everything I could about his family, friends, and connections. Wherever it was practicable, I had a watch set, so that, wherever he went, any communication he made with his old companions would be known to me instantly, and a trap would be set for his capture.

For my part, long experience has justified me in my earliest method of lingering as long as possible in the neighbourhood where a criminal was last known certainly to be. Unless a crime has been exceptionally well prepared, it generally happens that something of importance is left behind, or perhaps the criminal wants to know what is being done on the old familiar spot, so he spies, or sends a trusted ally to find out what he wants to know.

In the present case, White had actually left behind him a small parcel of things he could not very well do without, and I determined to watch and wait, in order to see what steps he would take to obtain the goods belonging to him. Surely enough, within a very short time a young girl surreptitiously arrived on the scene. Warily gazing around before entering the house, she seemingly came to the conclusion that the house was as deserted as it appeared to be.

After making sure that no one in the street could see what she was doing, she dodged down into the area in front of the house. Through the basement window, which she opened easily enough, she removed the parcel, which I had fortunately not allowed to be taken from its original position. It was an easy task to shadow the girl to the remote little cottage where she entered, to be joined later on by the very man we were searching for.

I produced my warrant, and accosted White without a moment's hesitation. My man turned pale, and stammered out some attempt at a protest. Warning him in the usual way, I told him he must accompany me. In due course he was brought to trial, and convicted of attempting to murder Mr. Tussaud, for which he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Notwithstanding the ingenuity of the infernal machine, it appeared to have been his first attempt of the kind.

His motive was a mixture. He desired to be revenged on Mr. Tussaud for dismissing him from his work, and at the same time he believed that if Mr. Tussaud were removed work would be found for himself. Possibly the cleverness of the diabolical machine prevented White from successfully pleading insanity—a plea which the motive of his plot might have gone far to justify.

TO BLOW UP A KITCHEN COPPER.

But clues are not always accepted in courts of justice as implying what the detective believes they imply. Look, for instance, at the case of the anarchists whom I arrested in 1893. A Russian Nihilist, named Schapiro, lived at a certain house in Whitechapel. I had my suspicions aroused by hearing of some curious experiments he had been trying with some acids and explosives.

I did my best to prove, by the evidence of experts and others, that these things were used for the purpose of manufacturing infernal machines. The Government analyst, Dr. Dupré, experimented with the apparatus, and thoroughly confirmed my view of the matter—there was the further evidence that the prisoner and his associates were anarchists, and companions of foreign conspirators.

It has never been my rôle to press my suspicions against the facts which a prisoner can adduce, and the positive evidence he is able to call. In this instance the jury believed that the explosives were only used to blow up a kitchen copper, and that equally harmless explanations could be accepted with regard to all the infernal apparatus.

I will only add that Schapiro could never again be found, and that during the next following months there were more dynamite and bomb outrages on the part of anarchists than have ever been known before or since. Mr. Schapiro's experiments only show how very suspicious a perfectly innocent man's harmless domesticity may appear to outsiders.

What sort of a clue would an amateur detective regard the Tamworth bombs? Twenty-four Cabinet Ministers and officials receive parcels, which, when opened, reveal in each case a tightly screwed-up canister, fitted with a gun cap and nipple, and a spring and hammer, so fixed that when the parcel was opened the hammer would fall and explode the percussion cap.

The receipt of these at a time when the public journals were full of anarchist outrages, created something more than a sensation—it could almost be called a scare. Two young Tamworth men were arrested at once, and exaggerated accounts of the matter were telegraphed all over the world. But the lads were not anarchists; their intentions were far from bloodthirsty. They had read in a weekly journal, famous for its sensational prize competitions, that the sum of £250 would be given for the best means of advertising the journal in question. Certainly they deserved the prize, if mere sensation and audacity could win it. They perfected their plan with great skill, but folly and thoughtless recklessness could hardly go farther.

I did everything I could to suppress the name of the newspaper—partly because I did not wish to see the publisher gaining anything by such methods, and partly because it would have been unfair to make him responsible for this stupid hoax. I ought to add that inside the imitation infernal machines a copy of the periodical was placed, bearing the words, "Page 452 explains the joke."

The Tamworth lads got off cheaply with a fine of £1 each, on the forty-eight summonses. The newspaper in question would have been glad to get such a widespread advertisement at a thousand times the figure, if their name had not been mentioned.

A bomb of another kind altogether was that which exploded on the Metropolitan Railway, on April 26th, 1897. I was instructed by the Commissioner of Police to assist the City Police, who had the investigation in hand. Naturally, by the time I came on the scene, many of the sources to which I have been accustomed to look for clues to the perpetrator had been removed.

Aldersgate Street Railway Station is a busy place, and hundreds of people had passed on their way, effectually covering any tracks that might otherwise have helped me. Indeed, at first it was thought to be an ordinary gas explosion—a theory the more tenable owing to the entire absence of any metal case, or other remains of a bomb. A Gloucester Road train entering Aldersgate Street Station was completely wrecked; many people were injured, one man fatally. Pieces of wood and metal were scattered all over the station.

The bomb or infernal machine must have been placed on the floor or seat of a carriage, probably an empty carriage; but to this day we have never been able to learn by whom or how the explosion was effected. I searched diligently for a clue, not only on the scene of the tragedy, but also amongst all possible suspects. I wanted to find the whereabouts of every anarchist in London on the day of the outrage accounted for.

As far as was possible I succeeded in doing this. I made inquiries wherever I had spies, and by my own observations, to find some of the anarchists' conversations affording a clue. I heard many things said about the outrage, but nothing which threw any light on the subject of its origin.

I am certain that it was not the result of any anarchist conspiracy—it could have been the act of some clever individual anarchist. But my own theory, based on the local knowledge displayed, is that it was the work of a disaffected railway employé, able to do his evil work and escape without leaving behind him the shadow of a shade of a clue.

(*Next week: "A Criminal Type."*)

Jones: "Yes, sir, that boy of mine is a wonderful piano player. Why, he can play with his toes."

Brown: "How old is he?"

Jones: "Fifteen."

Brown: "I've got a boy at home who can play with his toes, and he is only one year old."

WHICHEVER WAY HE CHOSE.

In the course of a cricket match the other Saturday afternoon, a rather amusing incident was witnessed.

One of the batsmen skied a ball between the wickets. Two of the fielders ran in to take the catch, when the batsman lost his head. Leaving his crease, he ran forward, swung his bat, and, at the risk of cracking a couple of heads, made a furious slash at the descending ball.

"How's that, umpire?" was the confident appeal of the fielding side.

"Out!" was the reply.

"What am I out for?" demanded the batsman.

"Weel," responded the umpire, gravely, "ye're out, firstly, for obstructing the field; secondly, for hitting the ball twice; and, thirdly, for making a conspicuous hass o' yerself! Ye can have it which way ye like in the score-book!"

"Oh, will he bite?" exclaimed one of the sweetest girls with a look of alarm when she saw a dancing bear in the street the other day.

"No," said the escort, "he cannot bite; he is muzzled. But he can hug."

"Oh," she said with a distracting smile, "I don't mind that."

Even the Dark Side of London has a bright side when the Mysterious Millionaire is busy buying copies of "P.W." at half-a-sovereign apiece.

My Notebook.

Something that Mothers ought to do.

At this time of year women and children will stand for a long time each day listening to the niggers on the beach at the seaside. It's a simple and cheap amusement, and sometimes the niggers are really very clever and proper. Sometimes they are very vulgar and improper.

If you are going to let your children listen to these minstrels you want first of all to go yourself and find out what kind of people they are, and what songs they sing. Some of these troupes are the scum of the lower class music-halls. They do not even know when they are foul-mouthed. Most of them nowadays have to get a license from the local authorities before they are allowed to take a "stand." That has very largely weeded out the black sheep.

But you would not like your children to come home and sing "Why Murphy Blacked the Lodger's Eye." Mr. Murphy's reason for assaulting the lodger might shock you. I think it very likely would. If your children understood the song it might remain a permanent memory on their mind. Or, children being very inquisitive, they might ask you to explain the song to them.

Let your children listen to the minstrels by all means, when you are satisfied they will hear nothing injurious to them. But if you think they are going to hear vulgar and ribald songs and conversation, keep them away. In addition to that write a letter of complaint to the Town Clerk.

How to Fight a Folding Map.

Having made up your mind to go on a holiday, and having really and truly decided to go to some place you haven't been to before, did you ever buy a guide-book with a folding map in it? People like myself, who only get a holiday now and again, do that sort of thing. I did it the other day.

I like maps. I think they are very fascinating. It is so nice to plan to go to Blackpool or to Brighton for a week, and, with a map of Lancashire or Sussex before you, to think you can explore the whole country in seven days. Very often that's the best part of a holiday.

For myself I have made the study of the folding map something of a fine art and a hobby. I can now tackle the most aggressive folding map that ever was made. It can't play Ju-Jitsu tricks with me. I want to explain my methods with the folding map. Bigger men and wiser men and stronger men than myself have become profane and gone into early graves, or lost their reason, because they tackled a folding map with innocence and ease. You can't treat a folding map like that. You have got to use intellect and brute force to it.

My method is this: I get a guide-book and I take it home. I then lay it in some odd corner and put my set of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Lloyd's International Library, and my file of unreceipted bills upon it so that the folding map shall have no possibility of unfolding or escaping. Then I wait for some quiet evening, when Mrs. Notebook has gone over to see her mother or her aunt Sarah. On such occasions I have my evening meal alone, and on a corner of the table. Perhaps three quarters of the dinner table may be blank. Then having satisfied my appetite I unearth the guide-book.

The best thing to do is to take it firmly in both hands, open it in the middle, and break its back. That spoils the book as an ornament, of course. But what matter? It breaks the spirit of the folding map and lets it know it has a master mind to deal with. Then you want to gather nearly the whole of the book under your right thumb and give it another sharp back-breaking click.

By this time you will find your left hand full also. The folding map is accumulating air and breath for its final struggle with you, and it has begun to uncoil. It is nearly ready for its deadly spring.

Be careful now. Get a very heavy paperweight and lay it on the book to your right. A flat-iron will do if it is clean. Having got the bulk of the book firmly fixed you have then only the folding map and the front cover to deal with. Knead them well down on to the table. A spoon or the handle of a knife is very useful.

Then start to unfold the map. Go slow. Use both hands. Be very careful not to let it tear itself. Folding maps try to do that. If a folding map thinks you are getting the better of it it tries to commit self-destruction at once. If you ever get it nicely open spread your left hand firmly over it whilst you reach over with your right for the carving fork. Jab that clean through the centre of the map and transfix it to the table.

You have the mastery now, and you can take the cruet-stand and put the mustard, the pepper, and the salt pots on the various corners for the purpose of keeping it immovable.

I always study folding maps this way. There may be other ways, but I have never heard that they were reliable. And as to the stories you sometimes hear of men taking folding maps out into the roads and the wilds in high winds and rain, and studying them there, well, take my advice, and don't believe them. It isn't possible.

I haven't yet mastered the art of putting a folding map back into the book, clean, neat and untorn. But I am practising. I want to do something nobody else can do.

Why do we Wear Sunday Clothes?

Why do we men wear Sunday clothes on Sunday? It isn't as though we put them on to go to church in. We don't—most of us don't go to church. We put on our Sunday clothes to lounge about in. Then we are afraid to lounge because we spoil them. In the big towns you don't notice the Sunday clothes fashion so much. But in our village and other villages you do.

In our village it is the custom to lie a-bed very late on Sunday morning. Breakfast varies between eight-thirty and nine. Father is all ready at nine-thirty, and is sitting in the garden smoking his pipe or leaning up against the front door. Busy mother is hustling Cissy and Jane, and Jimmy and Fred into their sashes and "bests," with white stockings and gloves, combing out tangles and washing and toweling here and there, and sending one after the other out to father as she gets them ready, with strict injunctions to them not to touch themselves.

Father then takes charge of them till one o'clock whilst mother cooks the dinner. Mother's last words are "keep them out," and father hears. Once or twice in the early days, when father looked nice like this and there were only two or three charges in his keeping, he took delight in taking them to church. Somehow it seemed the right thing to do. But the fun of it wore away, and only the agony of it remained—the agony of keeping three children quiet in church. It was beyond any one man's power. Neither Alexander, nor Cæsar, nor Napoleon could have done it.

So now father takes them for walks instead.

He has trouble from the doorstep. He has four children and two hands. Each child wants to hold father's hands. He compromises on the "in turns" system, which meets with no approval from any one of the four. "I had him first." "You had him all the time last Sunday." "It isn't fair; I'll tell mother." Then a bit of pulling and a bit of pushing, slyly at first, openly as the blows become harder. Then a blubber and a howl, and father has to speak a few words and use a pocket-handkerchief on wet eyes and snuffling noses.

No man ever will be more miserable on this earth than the one who puts on Sunday clothes and has a brood of noisy children in Sunday clothes to look after. The thing can't be done with any degree of dignity or sanity. Men ought not to do it. Women ought not to expect it.

Of course, it's nice to see little Cissy in Sunday sashes. If the sweet mite would only act up to the angel child expectations of her mother, little Cissy might be worth walking out with on a Sunday morning if only for show purposes. But little Cissy can't do it. And she ought not to be expected to, either. Little Cissy is very human. She wants to romp and be noisy, and kick her shoes to pieces and never worry about crumpled caul es. Little Cissy is just a healthy human animal. It's a pity her pa and ma won't let her be one.

I don't think a Divine Providence wants pa and little Cissy to dress in Sunday clothes once a week, and sit all day on the grass and watch it grow. They might each go to church on a Sunday—separately if they like—just for a space, and then change into old clothes and have a quiet romp and a laugh in between.

PETER KEARY (*Mr. Notebook*).

JUGGLING WITH BEDS AND PIANOS.

Some Useful Hints for Obtaining Handsome Pieces of Furniture at Very Little Cost.

Have you seen one of the old-fashioned pianos of fifty years ago? They are only to be found in remote country districts. A happy hunting-ground is a farm-house. Collectors are snapping up these two-yards-high pianos, because a new use for them has been found. It is possible to buy a full-sized one for two pounds.

A joiner can be employed, and the front case, which is sometimes inlaid with silk, can be taken out. The wires, keys, and internal framework may then be lifted bodily out, and you have the beginning of a fine secretaire.

Four bookshelves may be fitted in the upper section, while the keyboard can be utilised as the writing-desk. The silk of the front case should be removed, glass inserted, and hinges put on. The part under the keyboard forms a ready-made cupboard for important documents. A pair of locks is all that is required.

Any "general dealer" will purchase the remnants, for ivory and piano wire is valuable. The total cost of your "roll-top" desk need not exceed £2 10s.

Another hint to the lover of the "house beautiful." If possible buy an old mahogany bedstead. It will pay you to break it up. A week ago a fine specimen was sold in a market town for 2s. 6d. Hundreds of people were present, yet it was practically given away.

As the carving is usually magnificent, the two upright pillars at the foot could be cleaned and thoroughly brushed. A square piece of wood can be nailed to the top and bottom, and the empty sockets filled with putty and stained. The two "fluted" pillars, five feet in height, can then be made to stand in a corner of a drawing-room, supporting a bust or plant. The platform at the top should be made out of the remainder of the bedstead. These pillars, nicely polished, fetch fancy prices in London and the larger towns.

Another very useful piece of furniture may be constructed in the following simple manner. It is a bookshelf, three rows deep. Three oblong pieces of wood must be selected. The supports at the sides are made of cotton reels. A steel rod should be passed through the holes of these, and through the corners of the wood. To render this tasteful-looking, the whole should be well oiled with linseed oil, and brightened with a hard brush. By the way, this is the method of "faking" old oak.

Another bookcase may be made by using an old chest of drawers. The frame-work is there, and the height of the shelves need very little adjusting. If a private writing-desk be needed, fasten up the most convenient drawer by a vertical front, which will let down on hinges and chains, forming a useful writing-pad. The interior may be filled with pigeon-holes, and the remainder of the shelves with books.

Old wood chests can be picked up for a "mere song." They are a relic of the old going-to-sea days. If one of these be purchased, and the sides and top padded and covered with artistic material, the result should be most gratifying to the mistress of the household.

Collect any old pieces of oak you come across. Watch the dismantling of old houses. These bits of old wood can be planed out, and little boxes nailed together. The size varies, but charming little tea-caddies have been made. The sides should be plain, but on the top a flower can be punched out. Any box of this kind, being well brushed with linseed oil, is worth 7s. 6d. Little footstools have been also made from these spare pieces.

A novel use for a grandfather's clock was introduced some time ago. The article in question was not a valuable one—no brass face was present. The owner had the works and front taken out, and shelves placed at intervals. This proved a fine corner stand.

A Derbyshire lady collects old cradles. The rockers are taken off, shelves are put in the body of the piece of furniture, and the whole is constructed to stand upright. Married people, please note.

C 4388

This is the number of one of the SMITH'S WEEKLY CASH TOKENS which will be redeemed for a splendid Gramophone. Besides Gramophones, Cash Gifts varying from £250 to five shillings, cameras, watches, safety razors, brooches, writing cases, and many other useful gifts are being given away.

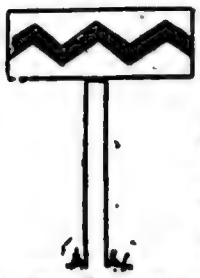
If you haven't yet obtained a SMITH'S WEEKLY Cash Ticket, write to the Editor of SMITH'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., inclosing a stamped addressed envelope, and he will send you one.

Do it now! What? Why, get a SMITH'S WEEKLY Cash Ticket. It might be worth £250 to you.

And Other Up-to-date Time-Saving Devices in Use on British Railways.

A DEVICE for making trains signal themselves, without any possible danger to passengers and without any need of signalmen, has long been a dream with inventors. It has come at last. At least three great railway companies have adopted automatic block signalling, as the method is called, and, though they differ in the means whereby the signals are worked, their main principles are essentially the same.

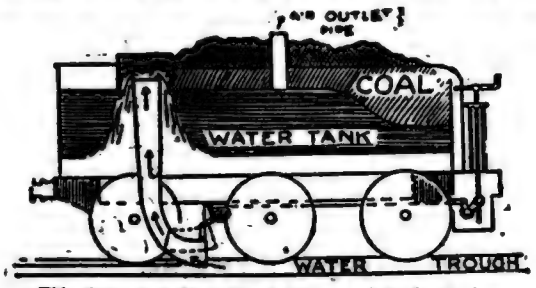
The device has one disadvantage—it can only be utilised on lines on which there are no junctions; but that is its only drawback compared with the old system. For it does not require skilled employés to look after it, it ensures safety and regular running of trains, and it facilitates traffic by guaranteeing a clear line. For traffic in and out of great cities, where the service of trains is frequent and rapid, it is particularly suited. It will not be long before all the big lines will work their urban and suburban traffic by its means.



Indicates that a water-trough is near by.

There are three systems principally in use. Some of the North Eastern Railway's signals are worked by compressed carbonic acid gas, those of the Metropolitan District by high-pressure air, and those of the South-Western, which has many miles of its lines under automatic control, by low pressure air. The air is passed through subterranean pipes to the power-boxes at the foot of each signal-box. In each power-box is a motor for every arm to be operated and also a valve which can be made to reduce the air pressure. The principle by which it works is very simple.

Upon entering a section of the line, the train cuts off the current of the track battery connected with the motor-arm in the power-box and so the signals are put at "danger," but upon the train clearing the first section and entering the second, the current is again flowing through the rails in the first section with the

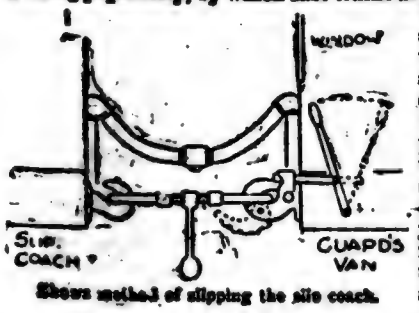


This shows how the water is taken up into the tend r.

result that the signals guarding that portion of the line assume again their normal position. By an ingenious contrivance, should a switch be opened or a rail become broken, the signals guarding the entrance to the section are automatically put at "danger," and so accidents are absolutely impossible.

Very few locomotives of express trains stop purposely nowadays to take in water at the expense of several minutes of time. The advent of the water trough for engines has done away with that. On most of the main lines of our great railways, midway between principal stopping-places on long journeys, the observant passenger will notice a board on which is printed a zig-zag line. This is an intimation to the driver of the approach of the water-trough, a long, narrow vessel of water running between the metals. As the engine reaches this, the driver lowers a canvas chute which lightly skims the water as the train flies along, and, as a result of the speed and the vacuum thus created, the water flies up the chute and into the receptacle in which it is stored ready for conversion into steam.

It is a great time-saver, as is the method now greatly gaining popularity, by which fast trains dodge junctions. Under the old system there was considerable danger of collisions through trains passing over the points at some big level crossing or junction, for it happened that occasionally both an "up" and a "down" train would require to traverse the same section of line at the same moment.



Shows method of slipping the slip coach.

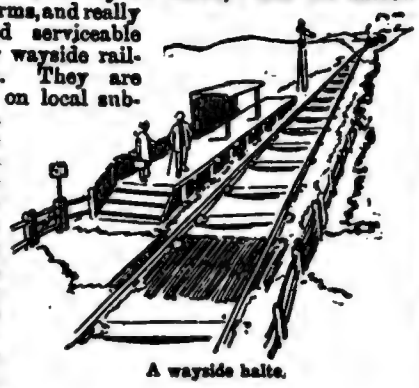
To avoid this the method has been adopted of building subways beneath the junctions down which an express train disappears, and reappears at the other side well out of the zone of danger. By this means there is no need for an express train to wait till the line is clear, while danger from collision in the neighbourhood of the points is, of course, out of the question.

The method of slipping coaches from the rear of an express train travelling at its fastest rate is highly ingenious, and is used by all the great railways, the Great Northern and the Great Western particularly. A slip-coach in reality is a train in miniature. It consists of compartments for all classes, and is equipped with a hand brake, a lever connected with the slip coupling, and other apparatus.

The main train is coupled to the slip-coach by a special coupling hook, which can be released by a lever. Before the train starts a slip coupling cock is attached to the brake-hose, and when the train is a mile or so from the slipping place the slip-guard leans out of the window overlooking the buffers and turns the handle of the coupling cock. This makes the slip-coach a separate unit, though it is not until with a sharp hiss the vacuum, which locks the lever connecting the coach with the main train, is destroyed, and the guard releases the jaws of the coupling hook, that the train travels in two portions.

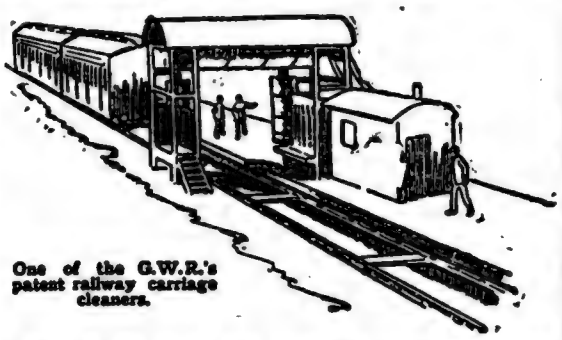
Signals are exchanged by the respective guards, and as the speed of the slip-coach decreases and the express rapidly disappears out of sight, the carriage is pulled up at its destination by means of the hand-brake. But for the ingenious slip devices residents in small towns would be unable to reach their homes save after long and tiresome journeys in slow, stopping trains.

Of late another convenience for residents of small towns has been adopted by many railways. This is the erection of haltes, as they are called, which are narrow wooden platforms, and really a cheap and serviceable substitute for wayside railway stations. They are largely in use on local suburban lines which are served by motor-car trains. For people who live midway between the ordinary brick-built stations, perhaps three or four miles apart, the haltes are particularly serviceable. The Great Northern and the Great Western Railways are erecting them on all parts of their systems.



A wayside halte.

The Great Western Railway, too, employs a wonderful contrivance for cleaning and washing carriages, dining-cars, vans, and such like. Constructed like a shed, its walls are lined with brushes and water-pipes. When the train is pulled through the contrivance at about three miles an hour the brushes rotate very rapidly and cleanse the whole exterior of every carriage, while the pipes send out sprays of water to assist in the process. By its means about eight hundred carriages can be given a thorough cleansing daily, and a whole train can be passed through the apparatus in a few minutes.

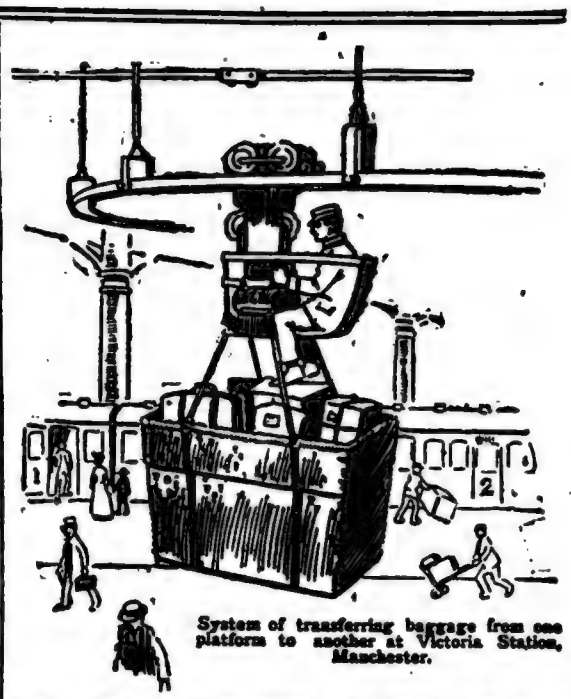


One of the G.W.R.'s patent railway carriage cleaners.

Many of the gates that protect crossings nowadays are opened automatically by electrical means as the train approaches them, and so saves both time and labour in having a lad to constantly open and shut them; while yet another up-to-date convenience is the electrically-lighted apparatus for announcing the name of stations in use on the Metropolitan District Railway.

A system of dealing with passengers' luggage has lately been tried with very great success at Victoria Station, Manchester, and no doubt will be used before long at all large junction and terminal stations. To transfer luggage from one platform to another is a slow and arduous task, for it requires a host of porters and trolleys and lifts.

This is dispensed with, however, at Manchester, where the aerial luggage transporter is in successful use. A series of lines are laid upon the roof-girders, and over these a small electric motor travels across the roof, carrying the luggage in a basket to any part of the station desired. It is worked by a driver, who in his lofty perch can raise or lower the basket, which holds nearly a ton of luggage, as he pleases. As the transporter can deal with an average of 1,000 tons of luggage per day, it will be seen how much more economical and expeditious it is compared with the old system.



System of transferring baggage from one platform to another at Victoria Station, Manchester.

"IT is simply impossible for me to find bread for my family," said the loafer.

"Same way here," remarked the grocer; "I have to work for it."

"I SAY, old chap," said Smith to Tomlins, "what's that piece of string round your finger for?"

"Thank you for mentioning it," was the reply. "I put it there as a reminder to ask you for that sovereign I lent you a year ago!"

WHEN THE ABYSS YAWNED.

AN old maiden lady, after sending her nephew through college, supplied him with sufficient money for a year's travel abroad.

On his return the young man showed praiseworthy zeal in trying to entertain his generous aunt, as well as to prove to her that he had profited by his advantages.

Especially vivid and detailed was his description of the scenery of Switzerland, until the lady actually began to cherish a grudge against the Alps.

"There I stood, Aunt Elizabeth," said the long-winded young man impressively; "beneath me that stupendous abyss was yawning!"

The long-suffering old lady broke in at this point.

"Edward," she said crisply, "what I should like to know is, whether that abyss was yawning before you got there, or did it begin shortly afterwards?"

WIGG: "He seems like a man who is utterly indifferent to fate."

Wagge: "He is. He even lets his wife buy his cigars and neckties."

"MY queen," exclaimed her adorer timidly, "may I kiss the royal hand?"

"My faithful subject," replied the young woman, with the air of one gently chiding him, "what is the matter with the royal lips?"

HAD HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

WHEN commercialism enters into sport the consequences are inclined to be disastrous. For instance, when the Gadabout first eleven visited Myrtlebury they found that an umpire was wanted. A likely-looking stranger on the ground was approached, and agreed to take the absent official's place.

"Any special instructions?" asked he.

The Gadabout captain was a trifle taken back, but he is a man who does not fail to take advantage of a chance when it comes his way.

"That greasy-looking ass over there is supposed to be their best bat," he said. "Give him out when you're appealed to, and it's worth five shillings to you."

The match commenced, and in the second over the Gadabouts confidently appealed for an imaginary l.b.w.

"Not out!" said the suborned umpire calmly.

The visitors hid their chagrin, and tried again a little later, with the same result, and yet again and again, but always the verdict was "not out."

At last the verdict was "Out!" But the batsman disputed it strongly.

"Go on!" said the umpire sternly; "get off the field! You've had your three half-crown's worth, and it's quite time I gave the other chap a turn."

Do it now! What? Why, get a SMITH'S WEEKLY Cash Ticket. It might be worth £250 to you.

Too Much Publicity Isn't Good for Them.

Some Customers Keep Away from a Firm which Tries to Make Itself Popular.

"I DID very well until I took to advertising my business. Then I came to grief. It was too much publicity that brought me to the Bankruptcy Court."

So much is written and said nowadays about the virtues of advertisement and the alleged impossibility of building up a really successful business without its aid, that many people are apt to forget that there is another side to this, as to most other subjects. The statement set forth above shows that, while some businesses cannot thrive without a wholesale attraction of public attention, there are other businesses which are liable to be blighted and wrecked as soon as the notice of too many people is drawn to them.

The man who made the statement was the proprietor of an old-established tailor's business, which had been in the same family for something like two hundred years. It was an old-fashioned, substantial, and exclusive concern.

It was emphatically, distinctly exclusive. And it possessed a good number of what might be called hereditary customers—such as county magnates, members of Parliament, gentlemen attached to the foreign diplomatic service, and members of fashionable clubs—with whom good taste and faultlessness in dress was one of the chief objects of life. All these customers meant a good, if not a magnificent, income to the individual they patronised.

WHY THE YOUNG TAILOR FAILED.

Eventually the business passed into the hands of a young man who regarded himself as pushful and enterprising. He cast envious eyes on mammoth clothiers' establishments, and yearned for more worlds to conquer. So he advertised. His name was in all the papers and on all the hoardings. It never occurred to him until too late that his predecessors, whom he designated as "ancient fossils," had also thought of doing the same thing—and had decided that they wouldn't. The lavish outlay in advertisements brought many new customers, but these were not prepared to pay the high prices which had hitherto ruled supreme, and cheap lines had to be introduced for their benefit.

Thereupon the exclusive customers began to be suspicious and dissatisfied. Many of them were fastidious, and did not care to extend their patronage to a shop that was, in their opinion, lowering itself; whilst others objected to wearing garments the cut of which was at the service of the common crowd. So they dwindled away, and the unhappy tradesman found that he had lost one set of valuable customers before he had had time to gather round him new patrons in sufficient numbers to counterbalance the loss. Consequently he came to grief.

Pretty much the same thing has happened to other businesses. There are a surprising number of old-fashioned people in this country who like to buy old-fashioned goods in old-fashioned shops. Up-to-date ideas and modern pushfulness are abhorrences to them. That it is a mistake to offend such people, the fate of two very different businesses proved.

THE OLD MAIDS DIDN'T LIKE IT.

One was a small draper's shop, kept by two maiden sisters. Everything sold in it was good and strong rather than beautiful. It was situated in a London suburb, and was mostly patronised by old ladies, who had been taught when young that things ought to last a long time, if not for ever. These old ladies told others, so that there was a nice and profitable little collection of them. But stylish young ladies, and even more stylish housemaids and nursegirls, who wished to be resplendent when they "walked out" with a lord of creation, sniffed at the shop and passed it by.

Then the sisters were left a legacy. In an ill-starred moment they decided to spend the money on advertising their shop. Alas! In the effort to entice new customers, goods of a showy and flimsier style were stocked. The starchy old ladies disapproved, and were frightened by the pushful bargain-hunters whom they met, and offended because they could not have so much time and attention given to them as heretofore, owing to the influx of the new customers. So they stopped away. And the sisters, being old-fashioned themselves, eventually found that they could not understand and satisfy a newer and different order of patron. And so—well, it was really a pity when that shop was shut up.

The other case was that of a silversmith and jeweller. His shop was rather a small one, but all his customers were aristocratic and rich, and spent a good deal of money with him. He took to advertising, and his old patrons, fancying that he was cheapening and vulgarising his business, fell away, while his new patrons—the general public—were, as a whole, unable or unwilling to pay high prices. He proved too old and too wedded to old-fashioned ways to make a successful bid for popular favour. So there was another tragedy.

Moneylenders don't always find that advertising pays. "Oh! Don't they? What about the columns of enticing intimations that they are simply longing to accommodate suitable persons with cash?" we fancy we can hear a gentle reader demand. True. Perhaps we should have worded it differently—as thus: The princes of the moneylending fraternity never advertise. They make advances to aristocratic folk, who would have nothing to do with them if they supposed that every "tradesman in temporary difficulties" or "respectable householder" worried by not knowing how to find his rent and taxes—every hard-up Tom, Dick, and Harry, in effect—were allowed to borrow the same money as themselves.

Speaking quite seriously, a first-class moneylender has to be extremely circumspect and exclusive if he wishes to have dealings with good customers. In order to spare the feelings of his "clients," he oftener than not sedulously avoids openly sporting the badge and putting up the sign of Shylock. Ostensibly he is not a moneylender at all, but poses, say, as a wine merchant, a property agent, or "something in the City."

THE CLUBMAN WHO LENT MONEY.

One moneylender did not profess to be anything. Blessed with an imposing appearance and a well-sounding name, he managed to get himself admitted into several fashionable clubs, the members of which included a generous sprinkling of careless and extravagant hopes of the nobility and other rich families. Many of them, and other members, were only too glad to borrow from one whom they regarded as one of themselves. "So much better than going to a beastly moneylender, you know," they said in effect.

The man died, and his son, who had been educated at Eton and Oxford, and was a member of all the clubs, succeeded to what was virtually his father's business, though nobody was ever so vulgar as to brutally call it so. But, like the tailor's heir, he was not contented with the profits which had satisfied the older generation. He thought he could do better, so he flooded the newspapers with alluring advertisements addressed to the impecunious. Of course he employed another name; but the "nobility and gentry" with whom he had hitherto had such lucrative dealings suspected what he was doing, and declined to have anything more to do with him in consequence.

Boarding-houses have been ruined by advertising ere this, paradoxical as the statement may sound. Proud and exclusive boarders come to regard the particular establishment they embellish with their presence very much as if it was their own property, and are apt to be resentful if the landlady advertises the house. They think it robs the place of its air of superiority and exclusiveness when all its advantages are offered to anybody and everybody for so much per week.

A landlady with an enviable circle of snobbish but well-paying boarders has spoiled everything by advertising, and thus seeming to invite a crowd of nobodies to live under her roof. The exclusive snobs have resented this, and have sought homes elsewhere, leaving the unhappy landlady lamenting.

SPOONING FOR A LIVING.

A CURIOUS industry in Russia, and one which, nevertheless finds employment for thousands of men, is that of making wooden spoons.

In the district of Semenovsk, where they chiefly come from, no fewer than 7,000 men make a living at the trade. The spoons are generally made from birch wood, and a skilful workman can turn out several hundreds a day.

No fewer than 12,000,000 spoons are manufactured during the course of the year, which are sold at six to eight roubles (12s. to 16s.) per thousand.

They find a ready market, and penetrate as far as Persia, Khiva, Bokhara, and Khokand.

KATHERINE: "I never gave you any encouragement.

Johnson: "Yes, you did. You led me to believe that your father was wealthy."

AGREED WITH HIM.

A TOURIST who was sailing in a boat at a southern seaport wished to test the politeness for which the boatmen of that particular town are famed.

Now there was a regular squall on, and at a moment when the old boatman was engrossed and had all his energies bent to keep the little craft before the wind, the inquisitive one shouted in the boatman's ear:

"Very little wind to-day."

"Very little indeed," was the reply, "but what there is of it is mighty strong!"

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Nuts to Crack.

A BID FOR A BONNET.

"BESSIE," said a young accountant to his wife, "there are 99 walnuts in this basket. You shall have a new bonnet if you can divide them among the children so that Jack has 3 more than Mary, 10 less than Tom, 9 more than Kate, and 16 less than Augustus."

How must she divide them to win the bonnet?

A GOOD ENIGMA.

My first is found where wit and wine
Combine to grace the festal board;
My second where sad captives pine,
In dungeon of some tyrant lord.
My whole is ready for the doomed,
Twice tried by fire ere once consumed.

A WORD AND A BLOW.

"Now, Dad," said Tom, who had picked up some tricks at school, to his father last Easter holidays, "take this bottle in your left hand, and when I say 'three' try how far you can blow the cork into it."

His father took the bottle, and as Tom cried "one,

two, *three*," gave a tremendous blow into the bottle. What was the result?

A HIDDEN NAME.

"YES," said the village wit, as a merry party sat round the tap-room fire at Stratford-on-Avon, "some wiseacres have tried to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, because his name can be found hidden in some of the lines. Let me show you how easily this sort of thing can be arranged to suit our fancy."

Taking a piece of chalk he wrote upon the door—

"Titus Andronicus."
"All's Well that Ends Well."
"The Merchant of Venice."
"Coriolanus."
"Cymbeline."
"A Midsummer Night's Dream."
"Much Ado About Nothing."

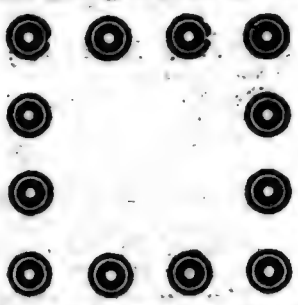
"Look down the central letters of these titles of some of Shakespeare's plays," he said, "and you will find the well known name of one who certainly did not write them." What name did he mean?

DIVISION BY TIME.

A FARMER, with children sixteen,
Killed the fattest young lamb of his flock.
To divide it these children between
What must be the time by the clock?

FOR THE CHILDREN.

PLACE twelve draughtsmen, or buttons, in a square, so that you count 4 along each side of it, thus:—



Now take the same men or buttons, and arrange them so that they form another square, and you can count 5 along each side of it.

IT WAS DONE!

WHEN Dunlop declared that no one could make a good pun on his name, one of the company explained, with ready wit, *Lop* off the end and it is *done* (dun)!

We do not ask for solutions. These will be found on the last page of this paper.

Gold, gramophones, watches, cameras, safety razors, brooches, and many other useful articles are being exchanged every day for SMITH'S WEEKLY Cash Tickets. If you have not got one, send at once to the Editor.

OUR SERIAL STORY. **START BELOW.**

WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?

By ARTHUR APPLIN,

Author of "The Clatter of the Clogs," "Dolores," "The Shadow of Her Sin," "Rags and Riches," etc., etc.

"Oh, since Love is all so short, the sob so near the smile,
Blue eyes that always conquer us, is it worth your while?"—LAURENCE HOPE.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

Frank Willoughby.—Pottery manufacturer and capitalist.

Grace Willoughby.—Wife of Frank. Though married to him for two or three years she has never been able to show that she loves him.

Dorothy Blessington.—A typine. She is an exact double of Grace. Under the impression that Grace is dead Dorothy impersonates her and wins Frank Willoughby's love.

Zoe Galbraith.—An actress in a travelling theatrical company that Grace Willoughby joins.

"The Spider."—An actor in love with Grace.

CHAPTER XXIX. (*continued*).

Grace Makes her Confession.

"WHAT happened in Devonshire?" persisted Desmond. Then, getting no answer, went on:

"If you can tell me what happened there, if you can throw any light on all the mystery, I shall be so grateful. I am convinced that you are in some way connected with it. . . ."

"Mr. Desmond!"

Grace looked up sharply, but her tone was one of fear rather than surprise.

"I mean it!" the man cried. "It is your face—the likeness. If you and she met in Devonshire during that week, you must in some way know the truth of what has happened."

"I don't understand you. . . ."

"I think you do," he insisted hotly. "I want you to help me if you will. Before she went away I loved Dorothy Blessington with a love that at times made me almost afraid. I think—I think I love her still, although I know that she is not for me—that she is now far beyond my reach. When I am away from her I feel strong; I tell myself that I will fight my anguish down as others have done and forget. But when I see her again all my strength and resolution vanishes. I am hers body and soul to do with what she will, and if she can find no use for me, however mean that use may be, why, then I——"

He covered his face in his hands and for a moment was silent. It never struck him as being strange that he should thus lay bare his inner self to one whom an hour ago he hadn't known. Grace looked at him thoughtfully as he sat there with bowed head, and her mind was busy with thoughts of Dorothy.

Was the woman who had stolen her husband's love so rich, then, that she could afford to let a devotion like Harry Desmond's pass unheeded? Could she juggle as she would with the hearts of men, or was it yet another prank of that wilful tyrant, Fate, that Dorothy Blessington in her search for happiness should break three hearts and yet not satisfy her own?

"You have left her in London now?" Grace asked presently. "I suppose you will stay here some little time? Much may happen in a day, you know—sometimes in an hour."

"I came away to-day," Desmond said, in a hard voice, "with a fixed determination in my mind to try and forget."

"Yes. . . ."

He looked up swiftly, almost angrily, and she was startled by the fire in his eyes.

"And now at the very outset I have had a set-back. It is almost as if I had never left her."

"What do you mean?"

"I have seen you," he cried. "And seeing you, I have seen Dorothy."

Grace Willoughby rose slowly from her seat, and, drawing herself up, she walked over to the window.

"I am not Dorothy Blessington," she said, and her voice shook a little as she spoke. "I am not like her in any way save one—you must understand that."

"It is hard for me to understand anything now," Desmond muttered. "If I knew the whole story—if you would tell it to me—it might be easier."

Grace Willoughby began to pace restlessly about the room. The situation was slipping beyond her control. She knew that she must make up her mind quickly and at once, she knew that some definite course of action must be immediately decided upon.

There were two ways open to her. She must either tell Desmond the whole truth or she must tell him nothing at all. If she chose the latter alternative, he would draw his own conclusions, which might be erroneous ones, and the harm thus done might be irreparable. If she told him the truth, not only her own happiness, but her husband's and Desmond's, and Dorothy's would hang in the balance.

She looked searchingly into his face, and as she did so her mind was made up.

"Mr. Desmond," she said, slowly, "I will tell you all I can of what happened in Devonshire, and I will trust to your generosity to use what I tell you as you think best."

Desmond raised his head until his eyes met hers.

"You may depend upon me now and always," he said simply, and as he spoke he held out his hand.

Grace took it timidly and pressed it.

"Thank you," she whispered. "As I told you, I met Dorothy Blessington one day on the seashore. As was only natural, we became friends and were constantly together. I told her much about myself, and in her turn she confided in me. Then—then, owing to unforeseen circumstances, I was forced to be absent for some time, and during that time Dorothy met a man, who—who . . ."

She broke off abruptly and turned away from him to hide her emotion. It was so difficult to tell him—it was hard to stand there and speak the truth in cold blood, while all the time her heart was well-nigh breaking.

"Yes—yes. Go on. I am listening."

"He made the mistake which you or anyone might have made. He had never seen her before, and he thought that Dorothy was I."

She paused for a moment, and then impulsively took his hand and clung to it trembling.

"She let him think so. She allowed herself to drift blindly on, dragging him with her. Don't you see how it ended—there could only be one end to it! He found in her what he had sought for in vain in me. He loved her, calling her by my name, and she—she loved him."

As Grace Willoughby ceased speaking a heavy silence fell upon the room. The man and the woman stared into each other's faces wondering what each would do. Then slowly Harry Desmond rose to his feet, and walked wearily across the room to the window.

It was growing dusk. All the world seemed to him gloomy and dark and cruel.

"Will you tell me one thing more?" he asked in a hollow voice.

"Yes—if I can."

"Who was the man?"

Grace clasped her hands until her fingers almost dug into her palms.

"He was my husband," she whispered faintly.

Desmond turned with a cry, and at the same moment the door opened, and Zoe Galbrath came quickly into the room.

Grace held up her hand and cast one swift, appealing glance at the journalist.

"I beg pardon," the heavy lady said. "I didn't know you had a visitor."

Grace tried to laugh, and, going over, slipped her arm round Zoe's waist.

"Come in," she said. "This gentleman came to see me about Banley and its troubles. Mr. Desmond, this is my friend, Miss Galbraith."

"Pleased to meet you," said the heavy lady, holding out her hand. "It's a treat to meet anyone from the outside world here."

The smile that lighted up her face died away as she saw the look in Desmond's face. At the same moment the door behind her slammed, and she found that she and the journalist were alone.

"The Theatre Lady's" strength of mind had at last forsaken her. The strain had proved too great. She had sped up the stairs to her bedroom, had locked the door, and was crouching by the bed, her hands clenched, and her face buried in the pillows.

CHAPTER XXX.

"For the hearts that break in silence,
With a sorrow all unknown,
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their ways alone."

TIME slipped by unheeded, and still Grace Willoughby knelt by her bedside with her arms outstretched and her face hidden.

All the courage and cheerfulness that had served to endear "The Theatre Lady" to the people of Banley had vanished, and the forlorn, silent figure that crouched down among the shadows of that little bedroom was surely the last person in the world to whom they would turn in their hour of need.

No longer the friend of the friendless, no longer the willing guide of those who were so eager to follow her, she was just Grace Willoughby, forlorn, afraid, and heart-broken, weighed down for the moment by the magnitude of her own trouble, sobbing out her misery to an empty world in which she seemed to have no place.

This sudden outburst of feeling was in the first instance the outcome of joy. Harry Desmond's news that Dorothy was back again at her work had set her pulses dancing with an unexpected happiness, for it meant that Frank Willoughby was alone, that Dorothy had left him.

Had she told him the truth, or had she grown suddenly afraid? Had she been compelled to leave him, or had she stolen away as she had done from the Rock Inn the night that Grace Willoughby had come back from the dead?

Whatever the reason might be, it was almost certain that Frank was alone. The thought brought infinite satisfaction, together with a kind of fierce content. He would perhaps be lonely—he might be seeking for her! Perhaps he was longing for the love which had been denied him so long, and which he fancied he had at last awakened.

It was then that Grace's contentment vanished, and the hot tears welled up again into her eyes as she remembered that it was in Dorothy Blessington's face, and not in hers, that he had seen the change. During that time, which now seemed so long ago, she had been powerless to love or to be loved, and now it was so different. She would have given her life at that moment just to nestle in his arms and hear him say:

"I love you."

For an instant a mad idea buzzed through her brain. It was to go to him then and there—to leave Banley that night and take the train to London; to find him at all costs, and, with her head upon his breast and his arms about her, to sob out all the truth and all the love that her breast could no longer hold.

And then the awful doubt arose that he might not want her. He might never see in her eyes what he had seen in Dorothy's. Perhaps she had waited too long. It was her other self that he loved and longed for—it was Dorothy Blessington. The idea drove her to the point of madness. She beat her hands fiercely against the pillows.

"Why didn't the storm kill me?" she moaned. "Why did the waves ever let me go?"

And thus tossed to and fro by the tempest of her thoughts, Grace Willoughby at length sank into a troubled and broken sleep. And she dreamed that she had found her husband, and with him, with her hand clasped in his, was Dorothy Blessington. Grace had only to look at them to know that they were happy. And in her dreams she left them and came back to Banley. It was a new Banley she saw—a beautiful town built on the slopes of the valley of toil. And the people who thronged its streets were strong and healthy and happy. But they passed her by unheeded. They were intent upon their own affairs; they had forgotten "The Theatre Lady," to whom they owed so much. And then in her dream Grace Willoughby fled to Sanctuary Bay, and, waiting until the wind had lashed the bay into a storm, she flung herself once again into the swirl of the waters. But the waves laughed, and threw her back on to the cruel rocks. They did not want her, either. There was no place for her in all the world.

She awoke with a start, to find herself still crouching by the bed. It was quite dark now, and the room was growing cold. At first she could not understand what had caused her to waken so suddenly, but as she listened, a loud repeated knocking at the door brought her to her senses. She scrambled to her feet and thrust back the hair that tumbled over her forehead and eyes.

"Yes—who is it?" she cried.

"Zoe! Open the door."

"Wait a minute."

She groped about the room in the dark trying to find the matches. What was the time? How long had she been asleep?

"Open the door, dear," cried the voice from outside anxiously. "What's the matter? Are you ill?"

"No—no. I'm coming."

She stumbled across the room, and, turning the key, pulled open the door. Zoe Galbraith came in quickly and caught her by the arm.

"What's the matter, dear? You have frightened me so. Why isn't there a light? I'll get one."

Grace held out her hand to stop her.

"No; not yet," she said hastily. "I've been asleep, I only just woke up. What is the time?"

She drew Zoe down on to the bed beside her and clung tenaciously to her arm. She was glad the room was so dark, for she did not wish the heavy lady to see her white, tear-stained face.

"It's about nine o'clock," Zoe said.

"Nine! Have I been to sleep for so long?"

"Yes. I didn't know what to do. I called and knocked and knocked and called, and you wouldn't answer. I was getting so nervous."

In the darkness Grace felt Zoe's hand steal up and gently touch her cheek. She caught the hand between her own and pressed it fervently. It was good just then to feel that she had a friend—although it was only Zoe.

"I wasn't feeling well," she said. "I had a headache and a fit of the blues. I came up here to rest, and—and I suppose I fell asleep."

She was silent for a moment and seemed to be thinking, then with a sudden alertness she cried:

"Mr. Desmond—has he gone?"

There was no answer, so she squeezed her friend's hand and repeated the question.

"Has Mr. Desmond gone?"

Zoe started suddenly, as if awakening from a dream.

"Eh? Oh—yes! He went away pretty soon after you ran upstairs. He wanted to say good-bye. Why didn't you wait?"

Grace turned her head away, lest Zoe, growing used to the darkness, should see her face.

"Oh! I—I was so tired. I hoped he would understand. Did you tell him . . . ?"

Pitt, the Mysterious Millionaire is so busy buying copies of "P.W." that he hasn't time to read. He'd enjoy this story immensely.

"I didn't tell him anything, because I didn't know what to say, except that I couldn't understand you. . . ."

"Zoe!"

The heavy lady slipped her arms round Grace's neck and drew her fair head down upon her shoulder.

"No, dearie; no," she whispered. "I told him you weren't well, and asked him to excuse you. He said he was afraid he'd upset you perhaps."

She pressed her cheek against Grace's.

"Did he upset you?"

"No—no. How could he? I have never met him before. He's a stranger. Why do you ask such a silly question?"

"Because you've been crying," said Zoe in a low voice.

"Crying . . . ?"

"Yes; your cheeks are wet. What is it, dear?"

The only answer was a sob, half smothered in the sleeve of Zoe's dress. The heavy lady began to grow alarmed. She had for days been watching Grace with anxious eyes, telling herself that her friend could never stand the combined strain of working at the pottery and taking such an active and trying part in the happenings of Banley.

She strained Grace closely to her breast and kissed her. She felt more love and tenderness for this friend of a few weeks' standing than anyone would have guessed existed in the whole of her nature.

"Won't you tell me?" she whispered. "Did he bring you some bad news?"

"No—no," Grace answered.

She was still crying softly. She felt almost ashamed, but at the same time she derived a certain comfort and relief from feeling Zoe's arms about her and knowing that she was not utterly alone.

"Then what was it?"

The heavy lady wished she could see Grace's face, and then, as she puzzled out in her brain what could be amiss, she stumbled unexpectedly on what was very near the truth.

"Did he come from *him*—you know who I mean?"

She bent her head and listened eagerly with a beating heart for Grace's answer. She took a keen interest in the little she knew of her friend's history.

"No—no," Grace answered again.

"But he brought news of him—a message—something?"

"No—he didn't. Not directly, that is."

Zoe smiled to herself. She thought she could understand.

"Never mind," she murmured. "Never mind."

And then, bending down until her lips touched Grace's cheek, she whispered:

"Why don't you be brave and go back to him? Perhaps he wants you just as much as you want him."

"I can't—I can't! It's too late. I'm afraid."

"I don't think it's ever too late," said Zoe slowly, "although heaps of people are fools enough to think so, and won't listen to reason or see what is plain enough to anyone else."

She paused, and for a moment grew selfish. She was thinking of herself.

"If I was in your place—if I had your chance of happiness, I should. . . ."

"You'd do as I have done!" cried Grace, suddenly flinging back her head. "You'd go on doing what I intend to do. It isn't my fault—it isn't his! It's hers—hers!"

Zoe was startled by this sudden outburst. Moreover, Grace's words threw a new and unexpected light on the matter.

"I didn't know there was a woman in it," she said, "although I might have guessed it—there always is. Has she taken him away?"

Grace rose from the bed and groped her way to the window.

"I'm talking wildly," she said. "Don't take any notice of me. I've been upset to-day, and when Mr. Desmond came and began to talk about her . . ."

"About her?"

Zoe started, and, turning her head, peered through the gloom to where Grace was dimly outlined against the window pane.

"Does he know her?" she asked.

"Yes—he is in love with her."

As Grace answered a complete silence fell upon the darkened room. It was Zoe's turn now to be thankful that there was no light. Neither girl spoke for some moments, and then the heavy lady broke into a queer, hard little laugh that startled Grace into looking round. It was the laugh that the heavy lady was in the habit of indulging in when in the act of performing some masterpiece of villainy in the glare of the footlights.

"Zoe! What's the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing! I was just thinking," was the answer. "So he's in love, too!"

She laughed again, more naturally this time, and, rising from the bed, she cried:

"What a game it is!"

Grace came over and tried to take her hand, but the heavy lady drew hastily away, and at the same moment the door opened, letting in a stream of light from the landing.

The landlady entered, and paused, seeing them both in the dark.

"Someone to see you, miss," she said.

"Who is it?"

"It's only me," answered a timid, anxious voice from the landing.

"Rosie!"

"Yes—Rosie."

The landlady had crossed the room and, striking a match, had lit the gas.

The light for the moment dazzled them, and as Grace and Zoe looked at one another they both seemed a little confused.

Rosie entered the room quickly and went to Grace.

"I want you to come and see——" she began, and then, seeing the white face and tear-tired eyes of "The Theatre Lady," she paused.

"Oh! you're ill!" she cried.

"No—no—I'm all right," Grace answered. "I've been asleep. I was tired."

Rosie did not seem convinced.

"I wanted you to come and see Dan," she said. "He's hurt."

"Hurt?"

"Yes—but you're not well, and it's raining outside. It don't matter."

Zoe looked from one to the other anxiously.

"No; I don't think you ought to go out, dear," she said.

"Nonsense. It will do me good. Besides . . ."

She did not finish the sentence, but went to the window, and, putting aside the blind, peered out.

"Yes; it's raining hard, but it will do me good," she said, looking round and trying to smile. "It will wash the cobwebs away."

Then she turned to the dressing-table, and, trying not to notice the pale and weary face that stared out from the mirror, she firmly set her teeth and began hastily to pin on her hat.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"The world makes great errors in judging these things,
Great good and great evil are born in one breast."

Zoe Galbraith closed the front door behind Grace and Rosie, and, going back into the sitting-room, sat herself down in the most comfortable chair and tried to read.

But although her eyes laboriously followed the print word for word and line for line, her thoughts were far away from the tale of romance and love in her hand, and when she had reached the bottom of the second page she could not remember a single word of what she had read.

Zoe was in an excitable mood. There was a marked change in the heavy lady lately both in appearance and manner. She was also beginning to regard the world from a different and less listless standpoint.

The purple dress had entirely disappeared, and had been replaced by a simple black frock, which, strange to say, suited its wearer admirably. Her hair was plainly dressed, and into her face there seemed to have crept a soft, yearning look, which made her look almost pretty.

No one was more surprised at the change than Zoe herself. She could not yet understand what had caused it, and why she lingered on in Banley, from whose disturbed neighbourhood so many were flying.

"Yes, why do I stop?" she asked herself, as she gave up the attempt to read and dropped the book into her lap.

And then that soft expression of the eyes that was new to her deepened, and she murmured:

"Perhaps it's Fate, and it's because . . ."

She rose from her chair angrily and flung the book across the room on to the sofa.

"I'm growing dotty!" she said aloud. "I ought to know better at my age."

And then she fell to wondering again what had waked this change in her. Why she, who had failed so miserably at the very outset of her life, and had sunk into a callous, devil-may-care kind of existence, should now begin to think and hope and to want to enjoy the good things which had always been denied her?

"I'm thinking like a girl, and I'm not a girl any more," she told herself. "I'm dreaming I can fly—and I haven't got wings."

A gust of wind and rain sweeping down the street drew her to the window, and her thoughts went back to Grace Willoughby.

"She shouldn't have gone out to-night, feeling like she did. What did he tell her? What is the woman like that he loves? Why did he come here . . . ?"

The heavy lady leaned her head against the window-panes and allowed herself to drift carelessly into the sea of dreams, conjectures, and wonders.

And meanwhile Grace Willoughby and Rosie, with their coats buttoned tightly round their throats, were hurrying through the streets of Banley towards Rosie's home.

It was raining fast; the streets were running water, and the downpour coursed noisily along the gutters. It was a persistent, drenching rain, driven hither and thither by a fitful wind sweeping over the hills from the south-west. As miserable a night as one could wish to see, and Banley was as miserable a place as one could wish to be in on such a night.

Rosie clung to Grace's hand as with bent heads they hurried along. Neither spoke for some moments, but the pottery girl continued to glance up nervously into her companion's face.

"It is good of you to come," she said at last. "Ugh! How it rains!"

Grace looked down into the white face at her side and squeezed its owner's hand.

"What has happened? What is the matter with Dan?" she asked.

"I don't quite know," Rosie answered. "I mean, I don't know how it happened. He's cut his head rather badly."

"He's been fighting," said Grace, quickening her steps.

Why did she trouble to brave the elements on such a night as this to go and see this great bully of the town, who had openly boasted of his hatred of her, and who had insulted her on every possible occasion? She told herself that it was for Rosie's sake, but in her heart she knew that this great uncouth giant attracted her—she longed to find and bring to light the good which she hoped still lived somewhere in the depths of his nature.

And she who longed to do this, she who was willing to do battle for this man who was nothing to her, was the Grace Willoughby who had fled from husband and home because she had neither the heart nor ability to love and to be loved in return!

"Yes; he's been fighting," Rosie said despondently. "He's always fighting and drinking. He's been doing both to-day, I think."

Grace clasped the thin little hand which rested in her own.

"Poor Rosie," she said. "You're fond of him, aren't you?"

Rosie hung her head.

"I can't help it—I can't really," she whispered.

They walked on in silence, each busy with their own thoughts. Grace was the first to speak.

"He's at your house, you say?"

"Yes; he came there. Mother was in bed, so I just bathed his head and made him lie down. He was talking very strange, and I got frightened and I came for you."

"I'm very glad you did," Grace said, "if I can be of any help."

They were passing the glaring lights of a tavern at the corner of the street in which Rosie lived. A deafening uproar came from within, and a man's voice was shouting above the din:

"An' we're sick o' it, ain't we? Then why doesn't we end it? Tell me that. Are we allus going on like this, workin' for nothin'—puttin' money into pockets wot can't hold wot's in 'em already? We wants the right to do ourselves a bit o' good. We wants to teach 'em a lesson—that's all. Shall I tell 'ee how to do it?"

A confused uproar came out through the half-open door. A policeman who had been standing on the kerbstone walked a few paces up the street and blew his whistle. Rosie tried to draw Grace away, but "The Theatre Lady" lingered near the tavern door as if spellbound.

"We must take the law into our own 'ands. Pull down a few of their houses—burn 'em—show 'em we're not afraid. Wot's the good of waitin' and shoutin' and talkin'? Let's up and do it. To-night!"

A perfect pandemonium filled the air, drowning anything else the speaker said. Three or four more constables were hurrying up the street in reply to their comrade's whistle. As they reached the tavern door, one of them stopped and stared into Grace Willoughby's face.

"Come away," urged Rosie, tugging at her arm.

But "The Theatre Lady" still held her ground.

"Now, then, off you get," said the policeman gruffly. "You're not going in here."

"I don't wish to," said Grace in a hard voice.

"I know you," growled the man, peering at her through the rain. "I saw you eggin' them on to-day. You'd best be careful—I'm telling you."

"I am doing no harm."

The policeman turned on her angrily.

"Off you go, or I'll run you in," he cried, and, roughly seizing Grace by the arm, he swung her on one side and followed his companions into the tavern.

The grip of his fingers hurt Grace's arm, and she felt the hot blood surge into her cheeks. For an instant a dozen mad ideas possessed her, but her better judgment prevailed, and she allowed Rosie to drag her away.

As they turned the corner of the street the occupants of the tavern emerged through the doors, shouting, struggling, and brawling. Four of them, including the man who had been haranguing them, were in the grip of the constables, who were endeavouring to get them away from their friends.

The two girls had reached their destination, and Rosie, with a swift glance up the street, opened the door and drew Grace into the narrow, dimly lighted passage that served as a hall.

"Let them be—let them be," she cried. "It means trouble, that!"

Grace followed her into a room at the back of the house, and as she entered she slipped off her rain-soaked cloak. The room was small and stuffy, and lit by a single gas-jet, that flared and sputtered through a dejected burner. The furniture was old and dilapidated; a few dingy texts hung on the walls, and under a cracked glass case on the mantelpiece was a bunch of decayed and dusty artificial flowers and grass.

A small bed stood in an angle of the wall, and on the bed, fully dressed, lay Dan, with a towel roughly bound about his head and showing a dark red stain over the man's left eye.

He was breathing heavily and moving restlessly from time to time. His boots were muddy, and his clothes covered with rain and dirt.

Grace shuddered as she took in the room and its occupant at a glance; then, drawing a deep breath, she stepped to the bedside and bent over the sleeper.

The movement seemed to arouse him, for he opened his eyes and looked up into Grace's face stupidly. His eyes were glazed and bloodshot; it was evident that the effects of his evening's debauch were still upon him.

"Wot the dickens d'ye want?" he asked thickly.

"I heard you were ill. I came to see you," Grace answered softly.

"Well, ye might 'ave saved yerself the trouble," was the answer. "I don't want yer."

"Hush, Dan," said Rosie. "It's 'The Theatre Lady.' Don't you know her?"

The man groaned, and his hand went up to his head with a gesture of pain.

"I know 'er," he grumbled. "She's allus shovin' herself in. She wants ter take Rosie away from me."

SUMMER HOLIDAYS . . .

A Splendid Selection of Seaside and Country Apartments appear daily in the . . .

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London's Great Halfpenny Morning Paper.

The "Daily Express" is on sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents throughout the Country.

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"No, no; I don't, indeed," Grace said. "Is your head aching? Let me bind it up again—will you?"

With trembling fingers she touched the towel, but Dan with an upward drive of his arms knocked her hands away.

"Let me be, can't ye?" he cried. "I don't want ter 'ave nothin' to do with the likes of yer."

"Dan. . . . Dan . . . !"

Rosie caught his great strong hand between her own and held it.

"Dan—you don't know what you're saying."

"Yus I do!" said Dan. "An', wot's more, I know wot I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' out!"

He struggled up into a sitting posture on the bed, but Rosie slipped her arms about him and stopped him.

"You can't—you mustn't," she whispered. "You're hurt. You must lie still awhile."

His eyes looked up at her in a dazed way, as though he didn't understand. Then with a sigh he sank back on the bed.

Grace bent over him again.

"Won't you let me bathe your head?" she asked.

Dan seemed not to hear her. He lay there with closed eyes, and as she tenderly untied the towel and took it away he talked rapidly, almost incoherently, to himself:

"They'll be waitin' for me. We was goin' to do it on 'em to-night. We've waited long enough. . . . They've got to go through with it. . . . They'll all be there waitin'. . . . We'll burn the place to cinders. . . . We'll show 'em—we're not afraid. . . ."

Grace glanced at Rosie, and Rosie at Grace.

"He mustn't go out to-night," the former whispered, and Rosie shook her head.

Grace stepped back to the bed and tenderly wiped away the blood from Dan's forehead. Then she drew her handkerchief from the bosom of her dress, and, dipping it in the water, she laid it gently on the wound and tied the towel over it.

Dan offered no resistance. He did not seem to realise at first what was happening, but as the water touched his brow he opened his eyes and looked up.

"Hullo! It's you," he said. "When did you come 'ere? Give us a drink o' something."

Grace filled a broken and dusty glass with water and held it to his lips. Eagerly and noisily he gulped it down.

"Water!" he said, as he finished. "I suppose there's nowt else?"

He tried to laugh, then swore under his breath, turned over, and fell asleep.

* * * *

When Dan next opened his eyes and tried to raise his aching head from the pillow the grey dawn was peeping in through the torn curtains of the little bedroom. It was still raining outside, and a miniature waterspout poured down from the roof on to the window-sill. The room was very grey and cheerless. In one corner Rosie lay fast asleep in a chair, while by the bed, with her eyes fixed on Dan, was "The Theatre Lady."

As the man saw her a look of blank astonishment crept into his face. He rubbed his eyes with his knuckles, and then scrambled painfully off the bed.

"'Ave you bin 'ere all night?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Wot for?"

"To keep Rosie company and to look after you."

Dan couldn't understand it. He hated "The Theatre Lady," and in the natural course of events she ought to have hated him. He regarded her doubtfully for a moment in silence, and then said:

"Well—you're a juggins—that's all. If ye wasn't a woman, I'd hit ye."

Grace smiled.

"Do you feel better?" she asked.

"Wot's it matter to you how I feel?" was the angry answer. "I've missed last night, thanks to you. I'm orf now to see wot's happened. You'd better get orf, too—you ain't wanted 'ere."

He lurched to the door and then looked back.

"Don't wake 'er—she's tired."

He jerked his thumb towards Rosie, and Grace nodded.

Dan went out into the passage, and Grace heard him fumbling with the front door. She felt weary and disappointed. What good had she done in coming here?

Suddenly Dan's huge frame lurched back into the room again and came over to where she was sitting.

"You ain't bin to sleep like 'er, I s'pose?" he asked roughly.

"No—I wasn't sleepy."

"An' you sat up the whole bloomin' night?"

"Yes."

"Watchin' me?"

Grace nodded.

Dan hesitated, and Grace was surprised to see the colour mounting to his face. He shuffled his feet uneasily and coughed.

"Then Rosie was right," he said. "You've got good stuff in yer—thank yer, Theatre Lady."

He turned on his heel and almost ran from the room. The next moment he thrust his great unwashed face round the door again.

"Don't think I like yer any the better," he growled, "'coz I don't—see? So long!"

(Another long instalment next week.)

HIS AWFUL MISTAKE.

"YOUNG man," said her father, "do you smoke cigarettes?"

"I should say not," declared the youth hastily. "I would consider it disgraceful to be seen with one of the vile things in my mouth. I think all cigarette smokers should be gaoled. Why do you ask, sir?"

"Thought, perhaps, you could let me have one," said the old man pointedly. "I smoke 'em myself."

JUDGE: "What's the charge?"
Officer: "Attempting suicide."
Judge: "How was that?"
Officer: "He wanted to fight me."

TEACHER: "What letter comes after 'H'?"
Small Boy: "Dunno."
Teacher: "What have I on each side of my nose?"
Small Boy: "Freckles."

HAWKSHAW HOLMES: "I wish to be vaccinated."
Dispensary Surgeon: "What's your business?"
Hawkshaw Holmes: "I'm a detective."
Dispensary Surgeon: "Stand out of the line, please, and give somebody else a place. There's no danger of your ever catching anything."

THE JOKERS SOLD.

A SIMPLE-LOOKING North countryman visited the theatre in a certain town in Scotland recently, and there happened to be a bagpipe performer among the company of artistes.

When the piper marched on the stage in full blast, and with streaming tartans, Robert manifested considerable emotion, and some men intended to have a joke at his expense.

"Braw chap that," observed one. "A grand player," remarked a second.

"Ay," returned the countryman, looking very solemn, "but his pipes are no' on the richt shoother."

"Is that a fact?" asked one earnestly.

"Is that so?" added a second, still more earnestly.

"No, they're no'," repeated the countryman, "they're on his left shoother. Naebody wears them on the richt shoother!"

MIGHT HAVE SAVED IT.

A Lot of Trouble from Too Much Starchy Food.

A LITTLE boy of eight years, whose parents did not feed him on the right kind of food, was always nervous and suffered from a weak condition of the stomach and bowels. Finally, he was taken down with appendicitis, and after the operation the doctor, knowing that his intestinal digestion was very weak, put him on Grape-Nuts twice a day.

He rapidly recovered, and about two months thereafter his father states: "He has grown to be strong, muscular, and sleeps soundly, weighs 4st. 6lb., and his whole system is in a fine condition of health." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66 Shoe Lane, E.C.

It is plain that if he had been put on Grape-Nuts at an earlier period in his life, and kept from the use of foods that he could not digest, he never would have had appendicitis. That disease is caused by undigested food decaying in the stomach and bowels, causing irritation and the growth of all kinds of microbes, setting up a diseased condition, which is the active cause of appendicitis, and this is often marked with people who do not properly digest white bread.

Grape-Nuts is made of the selected parts of wheat and barley, and by the peculiar processes of the cooking at the factory all the starch is turned into sugar ready for immediate digestion and the more perfect nourishment of all parts of the body, particularly the brain and nerve centres.

"THE INVENTION."

Grandma Found It Convenient.

IT is remarkable what a change can be made in a family by a simple re-arrangement of diet.

A mother says: "Much to my surprise yesterday morning I found the enclosed letter on my desk, written by my seven-year-old daughter without any suggestion from a soul, and the little letter induced me to write something of our experiences.

"First my son who was very small and weak was sent out to visit one of my sisters, and she induced him to start in on Grape-Nuts and milk in place of the ordinary food used.

"When the boy came back after an absence of about six months we could hardly believe our eyes. He had grown over three inches in height and was different in every way, always ready for any athletic sport proposed, and on the keen go all the time, while before he only wanted to sit or lie down, and suffered greatly from headaches and general prostration.

"So we put our little girl on Grape-Nuts, and she grew well and healthy and rosy in a short time.

"Then my mother, who is 82 years old, began using Grape-Nuts, and would frequently put the food into soup, or with an egg into a bowl and pour broth over it.

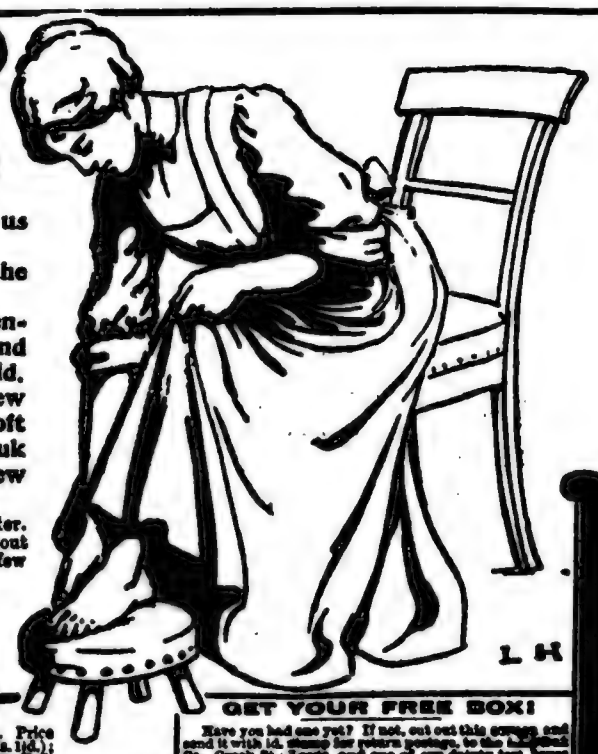
"She had formerly been troubled with her stomach, suffering great pain at times; now she says the 'invention' has cured her, and she uses Grape-Nuts in a variety of ways—puddings, dressing for chickens or turkeys, entrées and all sorts of nice things.

"The boy has been using Grape-Nuts now for about two years, and has grown something over seven inches and gained about 35 pounds, and is still improving."

The little girl's letter is too long to reproduce, but it is written in a very cute style and tells her own story of how she got over being sick and was able to go to school again, making four grades in a short time, and how well and healthy she felt and how much she loved the Grape-Nuts.

She heard her mother tell her auntie that "Grape-Nuts was a God-send," so she thought God made Grape-Nuts, until she got hold of the little receipt book one day, which she found in the package, and the folks explained to her that it was made by men. Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66 Shoe Lane, E.C.

Tender Feet.



Hundreds of people are just now joining in the chorus: "Oh! my poor feet!" Summer tempts us to do a lot of extra walking, and work is more trying because of the heat.

Few escape the discomfort of undue perspiration, and fewer still are they who do not know the torture of blistered, sore, and tender feet.

It is distressing to think how many beautiful summer days find both men and women in enforced idleness, unable to put their feet to the ground without pain, and how many holidays and picnics are spoiled by this trouble. Judicious use of Zam-Buk will make the worse case yield. Zam-Buk should be smeared over the feet night and morning, and rubbed in gently for a few minutes to promote absorption. Then dry the feet as much as is desired by patting with a soft towel. This treatment will be found delightfully cooling, soothing and pleasant, and Zam-Buk will regulate perspiration, cleanse the pores, soften hard corns or "hoofs," strengthen and renew worn or blistered parts, and absolutely abolish all soreness.

Miss Florence Jubb, of Chapelthorpe Hall, nr. Wakefield, writes: "I was on my feet so much that my left foot began to blister. Then the second toe of my left foot began to gather, and it got so bad that I could not bear my boot on. I tried all kinds of things without success, and then a friend told me to get some Zam-Buk. I did so, and when I had used it a few times it gave me great relief. In a few days I could wear my boot, and my toe is now quite better."

Zam-Buk

RUB IT IN

SUMMER SKIN-BALM.

Zam-Buk is prescribed by doctors and nurses for sore feet, sunburn, heat spots, peeling, freckles, nettlerash, insect bites, blackheads, summer eczema, ulcers, bad legs, diseased ankles, sore backs, abscesses, scalp diseases, ringworms, piles, cuts, scalds, etc., etc. Price 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. per box (2s. 9d. box contains nearly four times the 1s. 1½d.); of all chemists or post free from Zam-Buk Co., 4 Red Cross St., London, E.C.

GET YOUR FREE BOX!

Have you had one yet? If not, cut out this coupon and send it with 1d. stamp for return postage, to the Zam-Buk Co., Great St., Leeds, and one of our dainty test boxes will be sent per return. *Pearson's Weekly, July 12, 1906.*

THINGS A . . . WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Good Veal

Should be finely grained, firm and not overgrown. When large, veal is very apt to be coarse and tough, and if too young is equally unwholesome. Veal should never be kept long in summer, for it, like other meat of young animals, should never be allowed to be in the slightest tainted before it is cooked.

Snowballs.

Wash a teacupful of rice and boil it gently in new milk, flavoured with a piece of lemon rind and a blade of cinnamon, till quite thick, add one ounce of fresh butter, stir all thoroughly, and place in small greased cups. When cold turn out on a deep dish and pour boiled custard round. Make very cold and serve.

To Preserve Cream

During hot weather the following recipe is useful: Dissolve in water an equal weight of white sugar with the cream to be preserved, using only just enough water to melt the sugar and make a rich syrup. Boil this and while still warm add the cream, stirring all together. When quite cold, place in a bottle and cork tightly. (*Reply to* PICNIC LOVER.)

A Good Tomato Dish

Is prepared as follows: Pour boiling water over the fruit to loosen the skins. Let them stand for five minutes, then peel and put into a stewpan with a little salt and butter. Stew all very slowly for half an hour, and add a very little tarragon vinegar. Pour on to buttered toast, dust over with white pepper and serve. This is very good with cold meat or a broiled steak. (*Reply to* O. X.)

To Bottle Peas

For winter use. Pick and shell your peas when quite dry, and scald in boiling water. Drain very dry, pour into bottles or jars, and cover with saturated brine. Have a film of oil on the top to exclude the air. Before cooking the peas soak them in warm water for an hour or two to extract all the salt. This method has the great advantage of simplicity. (*Reply to* AUSTRIAN.)

Herb Beer

Is excellent if made as follows: Boil for three-quarters of an hour one ounce of dandelion leaves, two ounces of sliced ginger, a quarter of an ounce of hops, in two and a half gallons of water. When the mixture has cooled a little add one and a half pounds of brown sugar and three-quarters of an ounce of Spanish juice. Ferment with yeast and after twenty-four hours strain and bottle. (*Reply to* WEEKLY READER.)

Devonshire Squab Pie.

Cut into neat pieces about two pounds of the best end of neck of mutton. Flavour these lightly with salt and pepper, place a layer of them in rather a deep dish; on this put a layer of apples and onions, sliced, with a good sprinkling of brown sugar. Continue with alternate layers of meat and apples, etc., till the dish is full. Put in no water or liquid, cover with a good short crust, and bake in rather a slow oven.

Rhubarb Wine.

Into one gallon of boiling rain-water cut eight pounds of rhubarb in thin slices. Put into a tub, cover closely with a thick cloth, and add four pounds of preserving loaf sugar, the juice of two lemons and the rind of one. To fine it take one ounce of isinglass dissolved in one pint of the liquor in a china-lined saucepan. When this is quite cold add it to the rest of the wine and cask it. When the fermentation is over, bung it down. (*Reply to* ROSE, Manchester.)

Giblet Pie.

Prepare and thoroughly cleanse two sets of giblets and throw into a saucepan, cover with water and bring to the boil. Skim thoroughly, add salt, and simmer very slowly for one hour and a half, removing each piece as soon as tender. Cut the giblets into pieces of regular size, dip into seasoned flour and mix with half a pound of beefsteak cut in thin slices and thickly floured. Pour in sufficient thoroughly seasoned stock to cover, and over this, if convenient, lay slices of hard-boiled egg, seasoned with chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Cover the pie with a nice short crust, pierce a hole in it, decorate with leaves, and bake slowly for an hour after the crust is set. (*Reply to* MARIE O.)

AN EMBROIDERED BLOUSE.

DON'T be appalled by the description of the pretty blouse shown below. Embroidered it truly is, but the embroidery is of so simple a description that any plain needlewoman could manage it.

Our paper pattern is extremely simple too, as this blouse is unlined save for the yoke. The foundation of this, unlike the fancy yoke laid upon it, is not pointed along the lower edge, but both the lining and material yokes are so cut that there is no seam at the centre back. Before cutting out any portion of the blouse, your best way will be to plan out the whole. Unless you choose a shot silk—and these are very fashionable—or a fabric with an up-and-down, you will find you can easily contrive this blouse from three yards of thirty-inch goods. On the paper pattern the scalloped edge of the yoke and cuffs is plainly indicated, but, instead of cutting this edge out, it should be merely pencilled or chalked at first, the cutting-away not being attempted until the edge has been treated either with buttonhole or blanket stitch. A tiny floral sprig ornaments the centre of each scallop, but, where this is thought to entail too much work, an embroidered spot, either circular or diamond-shaped, will not look amiss. When employing a short length of tape to connect the armhole of the sleeve with the base of the puff it is a good plan to finish one end with a buttonhole or loop that it may be slipped over a button.

No. 16409. Paper pattern, 6½d., post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

ABOUT ORANGE-BLOSSOM.

THE following is a popular legend from Spain: An African King presented a Spainsh King with a magnificent orange-tree, whose creamy waxy blossoms and wonderful fragrance excited the admiration of the whole Court. Many begged in vain for a cutting of the plant, and a foreign ambassador greatly desired to introduce so great a curiosity to his native land.

It happened that the fair daughter of the Court gardener was loved by a young artisan, but lacked the dowry which the family considered necessary to a bride. One day, chancing to break off a spray of orange-blossom, the gardener thoughtlessly gave it to his daughter.

Seeing the coveted prize in the girl's hair, the wily ambassador offered her a sum sufficient for the desired dowry, provided she gave him the branch and said nothing about it. Her marriage was soon celebrated, and on her way to the altar, in grateful remembrance of the source of all her happiness, she secretly broke off another bit of the lucky tree to adorn her hair. Ever since that wedding-day orange-blossoms have been considered a fitting adornment for a bride.

COURTING IN HOLLAND.

HOLLAND is a place where primitive customs abound. Traditions are sacredly handed down and observed, and this veneration for ancient things has kept alive in the country what are known as courting Sundays. Throughout Holland the four Sundays of November are said to be kept as fête days.

They are named severally Review, Decision, Purchase, and Possession Sundays.

On Review Sunday everyone goes to church. After service there is a church parade, when all the young men and maidens look at each other, but forbear speaking.

On Decision Sunday each would-be benedick approaches the maiden of his choice with a ceremonious bow, and from her response judges whether he is acceptable as a suitor or not.

On Purchase Sunday the consent of parents and guardians is sought, if the wooing during the week has been happy.

Possession Sunday witnesses the first appearance of the various lovers before the world as actual or prospective brides and bridegrooms.

CHINESE BABIES.

THE Heathen Chinee has curious ideas as to the rearing of children, and especially on the amount of cleanliness desirable for them.

A Chinese babe is washed on the third day after its birth, and generally with warm water. Occasionally a newborn infant is rubbed all over with raw eggs, but not washed till it is three months old.

On the thirtieth day of its life the infant's head is shaved. This ceremony, among wealthy people, is accompanied by feastings and rejoicings, and poorer folk are as festive as their means will allow. A boy is allowed a birthday feast once in ten years.

Evil spirits are held in great awe by the Chinese, who do their best to protect their offspring from them. With this end in view a baby is sometimes dressed as a priest, and sometimes decked with all manner of charms, one queer idea being to attach a piece of lamp-wick to its clothing.

As boys are more valued by their parents than girls, they are supposed to be most under the eye of evil spirits, and accordingly parents often dress their infant sons as girls, and give them girls' names, hoping thus to deceive the spirits. Often the poor little things are treated to harsh words and even blows to assist in the work of deception.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Ladies who Cycle

Should take a hot bath with a teacupful of vinegar in it after a long ride, as a preventive of stiffness.

When Stewing Fruit

Add the sugar after the fruit is cooked. In this way only a small quantity of sugar will be required to each pound of fruit stewed. (*Reply to* DAN.)

Preserve Ferns or Grass

In their natural colours by placing them in blotting-paper for forty-eight hours and then pressing them with heavy weights. Maidenhair fern can also be successfully treated in this way.

When Scrubbing Floors and Tables

Do not use soda, for it makes boards a bad colour and does not cleanse better than soap and plenty of cold or tepid water. The boards should be scrubbed the way of the grain, and not round and round, as so many young people prefer doing. (*Reply to* MADGE, Wandsworth.)

For the Coffee-stains on Your Grey Dress,

I should try an application of fuller's earth and water made into a paste. Apply this just on the stained part, and when dry brush off with a clean clothes brush; if necessary, have a second application of the paste. (*Reply to* REGULAR READER.)

To Render China and Glass more Durable.

Wrap the pieces separately in hay bands, or some soft material, place them in a large pot and cover with cold water. Place the pot on the stove and heat the water very gradually, until near boiling point, then lower the fire and allow the water to cool gradually.

To Keep Fish Fresh.

Clean the fish and sprinkle the inside with brown sugar. Keep the fish in a horizontal position, so that the sugar may soak into it as much as possible. Half an ounce of sugar will be found quite sufficient for three pounds of fish. If fish is treated by this method before salting and smoking, the flavour is much improved.

A Danish Way of Washing Delicate Fabrics.

Boil three pounds of potatoes in a gallon and a half of water for ten or twelve minutes, strain the water and let it cool. Wash the garment in this without soap, put the same potatoes into another gallon and a half of water and repeat the process. The fabric will then be clean; hang in the open air in the shade and iron while half dry with a moderately hot iron. This process was described to me by a lady who had proved its worth.

To Glaze Linen

Without the help of a polishing iron I should advise your using this starch-gloss. Take a quarter of a pound of white starch, half an ounce of borax, one ounce of yellow soap, one dessertspoonful of glycerine, the same quantity of turpentine, and a teaspoonful of common salt. First dissolve the soap and borax in one pint of hot water, then mix all together and add half a pint more water. The great advantage of this preparation is that it keeps for months. — (*Reply to* ELLA, Tasmania.)

The Special Summer Double Number.

HOME NOTES for next week will be the Special Summer Double Number, and with it will be given away the paper pattern of a useful bathing dress for an adult. For double numbers of this invaluable little periodical there is always a rush, and no wonder, for they are crammed from beginning to end with good things. Ladies will do well to invest twopence in it, and to give their order to the bookseller as early as possible, for there is sure to be a great demand for it. It will contain six full-page illustrations of the newest summer fashions, some short complete stories, interesting articles under the title of "The Mother of the Man," dealing with the value of charity in the upbringing of children, useful hints on health and the toilet by Edwin Wooton, Minor Matters for Men, and interesting articles on cookery, dressmaking, etc. It will be dated July 19, 1906. Price twopence, published on Friday.

Isobel

An even better way of obtaining a blouse than by using one of our paper patterns is to meet the Mysterious Millionaire. He has already given several lady readers smart blouses in exchange for their copies of "P.W."

Is It Kidney Trouble?

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills drive out the Uric Acid and other Kidney Poisons that cause Pain or Dull Ache in the Back, Rheumatism, Urinary Troubles, Gravel, Stone, Lumbago, Sciatica, and Dropsy.

The following is an extremely interesting cure of kidney disease, as its history will show.

On October 20th, 1903, Mrs. Marie Hall, 63 Strone Road, Green Street, Forest Gate, London, E., wrote to us as follows:

"Dear Sirs,—I have much pleasure in writing to tell you how much good your Doan's Backache Kidney Pills have done me. Before taking them I used to suffer very much from violent colds, which in many cases were followed by influenza, also from terrible depression, for which I could not account, and, what was worse, from urinary trouble, which the doctor told me was natural to my sex. In the mornings I used to get up feeling more tired than when I went to bed, and always with terrible backache and headache.

"I took medicine in various forms, but none of it did me good until I was lucky enough to commence using Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, and I can truthfully say they have cured me of all my troubles. They have made me feel quite another woman.

"Yours faithfully (Signed), MARIE HALL."

A year and eight months afterwards—that is to say, in June of 1905—Mrs. Hall wrote to us: "Since writing to you I have been through much ill-health, which was caused by childbirth, but I am glad to say that Doan's Backache Kidney Pills have saved me from my terrible illness. During pregnancy dropsy set in, which resulted in my feet and legs swelling to a dreadful size.

"Had I not taken your pills I should have had to keep to my bed altogether. I was so bad that the doctor took the water away in pailfuls. I got about too soon, and my poor back ached fearfully at times, due, I think, a great deal to want of necessary rest.

"Every Picture Tells a Story."

"I have always staked my life on your pills, and I can conscientiously recommend them to everyone. This is no flattery, but a positive fact. I give you this testimonial in the interest of humanity, and in the hope that my experience may prove useful to every woman who may be suffering as I used to do.

"(Signed) MARIE HALL."

On 7th February, 1906—**nearly two years and a half after her cure**—Mrs. Hall told our representative that she had kept quite free from the low-spirited feeling that was always upon her before she used Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, and that there had been no sign of the dropsy and urinary disorders returning.

A headache, an aching back, pains in the limbs, spells of dizziness, broken sleep, a continual feeling of tiredness, cold hands and feet, puffiness under the eyes, twinges of rheumatism, urinary troubles of any kind—all these are danger signals, warnings that your kidneys are not doing their work properly. Disease of the most painful and destructive character will follow; gravel, dropsy, rheumatism, lumbago. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills act directly upon the kidneys and bladder, stimulating and strengthening them.

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are 2/9 a box, or 12/9 for six boxes. They *cannot be bought loose*, but only in the boxes, which may be had of all Chemists and Stores, or direct, post free, from the Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

Ask for DOAN'S and *get* DOAN'S.

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.

Soft Hands

Rough, cracked hands are often the lot of the busy housewife. "Honourable Scars," perhaps—but why not have your hands as soft and smooth as if there was no housework to be done? The remedy is easy. Use SAPON instead of soap. It gets the dirt out without rubbing, and being made from Oatmeal it never "draws" the hands, but leaves them soft and white.

FREE SAMPLE on receipt of postcard.

SAPON (Oatmeal Washing Powder). 112 SAPON HOUSE, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE.

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REAL DEVONSHIRE CREAM (CLOTTED), absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil; invaluable for children and invalids, ½lb., 1s. 4d.; 1lb., 2s. 4d.; 2lb., 4s. 4d., free; supplied constantly to the Countesses Cadogan, Pembroke, Sefton, Dundonald, Guilford, Lichfield, etc., by Mrs. CONVERS, BRIDGETOWN, S.O., DEVONSHIRE.

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Clarke's Blood Mixture

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER, is warranted to Cleanse the Blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. It

WILL PERMANENTLY CURE

Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Glandular Swellings, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Boils, Pimples, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, and

ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES.

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ARE YOU THIN?

If you want to add flesh, to make strong and rosy, gain strength and beauty in one month, send for our Guaranteed Free and Confidential Advice to my patent Vibro M.D. Vibrapic Association (Dept. 111), 9 Pugh Place, Golden Square, London, W.

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FREE, to all sufferers, particulars of a proved home treatment that quickly removes all embarrassment, and permanently cures blushing and flushing of the face and neck. Enclose stamp to pay postage to—Mr. J. H. TEMPLE (Specialist), 9 Pugh Place, Golden Square, London, W.

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HOME NOTES.

1d. WEEKLY

RED NOSES

Permanently Cured and Restored to their Natural Colour in a few days by a simple home treatment. Particulars free. Enclose stamp to pay postage. Mr. J. H. TEMPLE (Specialist), 9 Pugh Place, Carnaby St., London, W.

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THIS YEAR Eiffel Tower Lemonade is at its very best—it has never been better—we doubt whether it has ever been quite as good. The delicate freshness and rich aroma of ripe lemons will at once be appreciated.

A 4½d. BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS OF HOME-MADE

LEMONADE

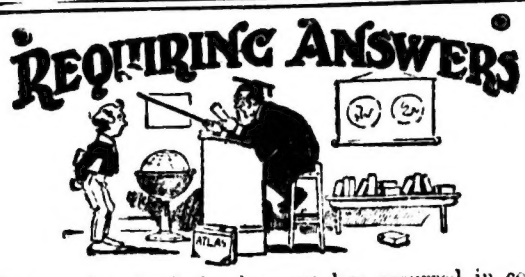
AWFUL GOOD.

Yorkshire Relish

No matter what your meat—fowl, flesh or fish—Add but this Relish—'tis a lordly dish!

"P.W." COUPON.

A capital cookery book, cloth bound and fully illustrated, sent post free in exchange for this coupon and a wrapper from a Yorkshire Relish Bottle. Address:—Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Leeds.



THIS week a fresh development has occurred in connection with the Mysterious Millionaire. It appears from a letter which he has sent me, and which appears on the front page of this number, that he has been unable in the past to personally acquire as many copies of *Pearson's Weekly* as he would wish, and he is therefore compelled to employ assistants. This, of course, is good for readers of *P.W.*, for it will increase the opportunities which they have of disposing of their copies at greatly enhanced values. Some of these assistants, apparently, are going to visit certain towns this week, a list of which you will find in his letter. The other assistants are paying surprise visits to other towns and villages. I note that he is going to pay particular attention to copies exposed in windows. Could anything be easier for you than to put this copy of *P.W.* in your window, when you have finished reading this paragraph? You never know where the Mysterious Millionaire or his assistants may be, and it would be folly if you were to throw away opportunities which are given you. Finally, one very important statement appears in his letter—that to the effect that, although his assistants will give from 5s. to £1 for copies, he himself will give only crisp five pound notes. You will be fortunate, indeed, if you meet one of the Mysterious Millionaire's assistants. You will be still more fortunate if you meet the Mysterious Millionaire himself.

A. H. Y. asks why it is the conductors of 'buses and trams write occasionally on a paper attached to a small board during a journey, looking at the same time at the numbers of the tickets in his possession.——The paper upon which the conductor writes is a record of the money taken during a particular journey of the vehicle. The conductor naturally compares what he is writing upon this board with the tickets that he holds in his possession, as the numbers of these form a very easy check upon the correctness of his entries.

W. PEARSON (Leyton).—The sign of "The World Turned Upside Down," the name of a public-house in the Old Kent Road, is said to commemorate the discovery of Australia and Tasmania. Up to about 1840 the sign represented a man walking at the South Pole. Larwood, in his book on signboards, interpreted the sign "as meaning a state of things the opposite of what is natural and usual, a conceit in which artists of former ages took great delight, and which they represented by animals chasing men, horses riding in carriages, and similar conceits and pleasantries."

"WHAT is the origin of the idea of saluting trains?" asks E. H., of Aldershot. "Whenever a train passes along one notices that children shout and wave their hands, workers in the fields pause and raise their tools or their caps, as if acknowledging someone's greeting, women standing at cottage doors wave handkerchiefs, and even portly old gentlemen do not seem to be able to resist shaking their sticks or umbrellas, while the train rushes by. Why is this done, and whom do they salute?"——Maybe this is a reminiscence of the custom adopted by our ancestors of saluting the first "Puffing Billy" that passed on the rails. One might think, on the other hand, that it was an expression of admiration for a marvellous piece of engineering work such as a railway train, rushing by at the rate of fifty miles an hour. But if this were the reason, then why should not one stand on the kerb and wave one's hat and umbrella at a passing motor-car? The inclination is to do very much the reverse, especially this dry, dusty weather.

HERE is another of those problems of the heart which I am continually being asked to solve. Ten years ago GWELO went to South Africa. Before leaving he promised to correspond with a little girl friend, which he did regularly. On arriving home three months ago he found, not the child he had left, but a charming girl of twenty-three. He has seen her very frequently, and as she is free he wants to marry her. So far everything is smooth sailing. But it appears that, while in South Africa, GWELO became engaged to another young lady. He knows for a fact that he has only to ask his English girl to be accepted, but he hesitates to do so while he is still bound to the fair one in Africa. Happily the problem is made less difficult by the fact that he is certain he will be happier with his English girl than with the other. He is returning to South Africa in a few weeks' time, and wants to know how to settle matters before he goes.——There should be no doubt as to what to do. You should marry the girl you love best—in this case your old friend. It may be rough on the young lady in South Africa, but it would be rougher still to marry her, and find that you could not get along together.

F. T. (Wolverhampton) points out the folly of people going in for too much refinement and cultivation of taste. "It's all very well if they have money and are sure to keep it," he argues, "but if they suddenly become poor and unable to indulge their finer tastes, they will surely find life a very weary and distressing thing."——I don't agree with you, F. T. A man of cultivated taste can always get his pleasures cheaply. In these days of public art exhibitions and the cheap Press, the finest treasures of art and literature are within the reach of all. And as for the home, a few touches from the hand of taste can do more towards securing beauty than can possibly result from a vulgar display of lavish wealth.

JAMES is very angry with his doctor. He visited that medical gentleman because he was suffering from various small ailments, and the doctor told him to go to an optician and have a pair of spectacles, the wearing of which would make him well! How can glasses cure indigestion, and numerous other troubles?——I can only tell you that same prescription has cured others. When the eyes are not right the work of seeing causes an excessive strain on the nerves, and when the nerves are affected, there is no knowing what you will suffer from. Most people have not the least idea that there is any such trouble in their organs of vision. I have seen one man a perfect martyr to headaches, and another who was in such a terrible state that he trembled when he heard the postman knock; both were cured by wearing spectacles.

F. T. B. (Stamford Hill) writes bitterly upon the way that women are crowding into the places once occupied by men. "How can men afford to get married," he asks, "when the market price of their labour is lowered by the fact that so many girls are overcrowding the markets, and reducing the rates of pay?"——But are they reducing the rates of pay, F. T. B.? In almost any position in life, nowadays, wages and salaries compare very favourably with those of almost any period. Why not turn your question round the other way, and ask yourself: "How are girls to avoid working for their livings if men are too cautious or too extravagant to marry them?" If you think the market is overcrowded with girl-workers, F. T. B., do your duty like a man, by relieving the market of one competitor. You will find many a girl-worker who is willing to sacrifice her independence, and would cheerfully give up her "nine hours a day at the office," for the sake of ever so humble a home.

THE "special" outing days of the FRESH AIR FUND taking place during the next few days are: Lena Day, July 7th; Gardener's Company Day, July 9th; H.M.S. *Irresistible*, July 10th; St. George's Day, July 12th; Heidelberg Contingent, July 16th.

THE following subscriptions have come to hand for the FRESH AIR FUND:

Amount previously acknowledged: £1,416 12s. 4d.

C. J. L. Rickwood, Canada, 4s. 1d.; Sidney Thomas, 1s.; Harry and Findley, 1s. 6d.; Garden City, 5s.; Dick, 5s.; Vera and Cicely Taylor, £1 1s.; L. and W. Malton, 9d.; C. T., 11s. 3d.; Gracie, 9d.; Anon., Stoke Newington, 1s. 6d.; A. J. P., 6s.; Marguerite, 3s.; K. G. Bralner, 9d.; Mrs. Pearson, 6s.; Exotic, Bristol, 1s.; Miss Mills, 2s.; C. M. W., 10s.; Ede B. Daly, Bordighera, £1 19s. 8d.; E. G. S. Musson, 5s.; K. P., £1; A. Reeves, 3s.; E. M. D., Chiswick, 3s.; Mrs. McDowell, 5s.; W. H., 7s. 6d.; Long Delayed, 2s.; Renlim, 3s.; A. E. Nickolds, 2s.; Scarborough, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. and Major W. H. Pomeram, Alexandria, £4 1s.; Benedict, *Rapid Review*, 10s. 6d.; C. U. E., 5s.; W. Colman, 10s.; A. Salmon, Kierksdorp, £5; W. Strachan, Rhodesia, £4 1s.; Miss Bheith, 5s.; Mrs. J. Elmhurst, 10s.; Mrs. Harold James, 5s.; Four of Us, Southsea, 3s.; Dutchey, 1s. 6d.; A. M. H., 1s. 6d.; K. C., 9d.; A. Bullock, Epping, 10s.; Grateful, 3s.; Joah Smith, 3s.; Anon., 2s.; Engineer, Newcastle, 5s.; Hugh, 5s. 3d.; L. G. R. and J. S. C., £1; G. L. E., 1s.; Capt. A. Derry, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. Robertson, 10s.; Mrs. Tanner, 1s. 6d.; A. Anderson, 3s.; Anon., Redcar, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 9d.; Anon., Folkestone, 5s.; For the Master's Sake, 9d.; A Friend, £1 1s.; Pansy, 3s.; Jim, 4s. 6d.; A Friend, 9d.; E. J. B., Aberdeen, 2s. 6d.; Willie Forge, 1s.; W. G. M., £1; The Gardener's Company, per E. A. Ebblewhite, £8 2s.; W. F. Keddell, £1; In Memoriam, Huntspill, 10s.; C. R. Ross, 5s.; Anon., 10s.; W. Thompson, 2s. 3d.; M. B., 3s.; Miss O. H. L. Hart, 9s.; E. W. S., 15s.; F. E. L., 1s. 6d.; G. D., 1s.; W. White, 5s.; K. M., 4s. 6d.; C. Lowe, 5s.; C. G. C. and M. D., 1s.; J. Hannen, 2s. 6d.; A. J. M., 6s.; Mac, 6d.; No. 999954, 2s.; Ernest Elliott, 9d.; H. Knight, 2s. 3d.; H. E. Barrett, £1; *P.W.* Reader, 5s.; A. Lund, 5s.; A. F. B., 3s. 9d.; Langdale, 10s.; A. C. and D. S., 2s. 6d.; Anon., Bury, £1; Thankfully, 3s.; H. Lyle, 2s. 6d.; V. E. Purcell, 5s.; Mrs. T. Leahy, 10s.; Misses Margaret and Hester Grant, 7s. 6d.; E. M. H., 15s.; Anon., 9d.; Vera Elmz, 3s.; Anon., 9d.; A Lover of Children, 9d.; Scholar, Council School, Stapleford, 3d.; M. A. B., 2s. 6d.; Miss Heeson, 1s. 6d.; Tommy Dodd, 3s. 9d.; Miss F. Hammond, £8 2s.; K. A., Nottingham, *Rapid Review*, 1s. 6d.; A. W., 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. S. Walsh, 3s.; W. R. and E. Boyce, 5s.; Plymouth, 2s.; B. M., St. Leonards, 3s.; E. C. P., £5; Mr. Porter, £2 10s.; Anon., 2s. 3d.; Miss K. Bassett, 2s. 6d.; Mac, 2s. 3d.

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Grand (*P.W.*) total: £1,554 11s. 9d.

SOLUTIONS TO "NUTS TO CRACK."

(See page 26.)

A BID FOR A BONNET.

BESSIE must give 17 walnuts to Jack, 14 to Mary, 27 to [illegible], 8 to Kate, and 33 to Augustus.

THE ENIGMA.

My first is found where wit and wine
Combine to grace the festal board;
My second where sad captives pine,
In dungeon of some tyrant lord.
My whole is ready for the doomed,
Twice tried by fire ere once consumed—

Is solved by *toast-ruck.*

A WORD AND A BLOW.

WHEN Tom's father tried with a strong puff to blow the [illegible] the bottle, the sudden compression of the air inside [illegible] followed by its expansion, drove the cork in an [illegible] direction, so that it flew out and struck him sharply on the [illegible]

A HIDDEN NAME.

ACCORDING to the arrangement of their central letters [illegible] *Leno* is mixed up with these titles of some of Shakespeare's [illegible]

DIVISION BY TIME.

WHEN a farmer, with children sixteen,
Killed the fattest young lamb of his store,
To divide it these children between,
It must be just *a quarter to four.*

FOR THE CHILDREN.

MAKE a square with three on every side, and place the [illegible] ing four ones on each of the corner men or buttons.

NEARLY £10,000 ALREADY PAID.

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£100 RAILWAY } **INSURANCE.**
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£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the [illegible] representative of any person killed by an [illegible] to the train in which the deceased was a [illegible] ticket-bearing passenger (including [illegible] season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in a [illegible] railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling w[illegible] railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who [illegible] time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the [illegible] Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his [illegible] usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space [illegible] the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of [illegible] long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to [illegible] representatives of such person injured, should death [illegible] such accident within three calendar months thereafter [illegible] notice of the accident be given within three days of its [illegible]

£100 In the event of a person having the current [illegible] *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the [illegible] killed by a railway accident in the United K[illegible] although not *by an accident to any train in which* [illegible] *she may be travelling as a passenger*, the next-of-kin of [illegible] deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in [illegible] be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION [illegible] 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days [illegible] occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the [illegible] of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any [illegible] who meets his death by an accident while actually riding [illegible] provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in [illegible] her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the [illegible] which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in [illegible] pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death [illegible] within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given [illegible] such accident to the said Corporation at above address within [illegible] days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

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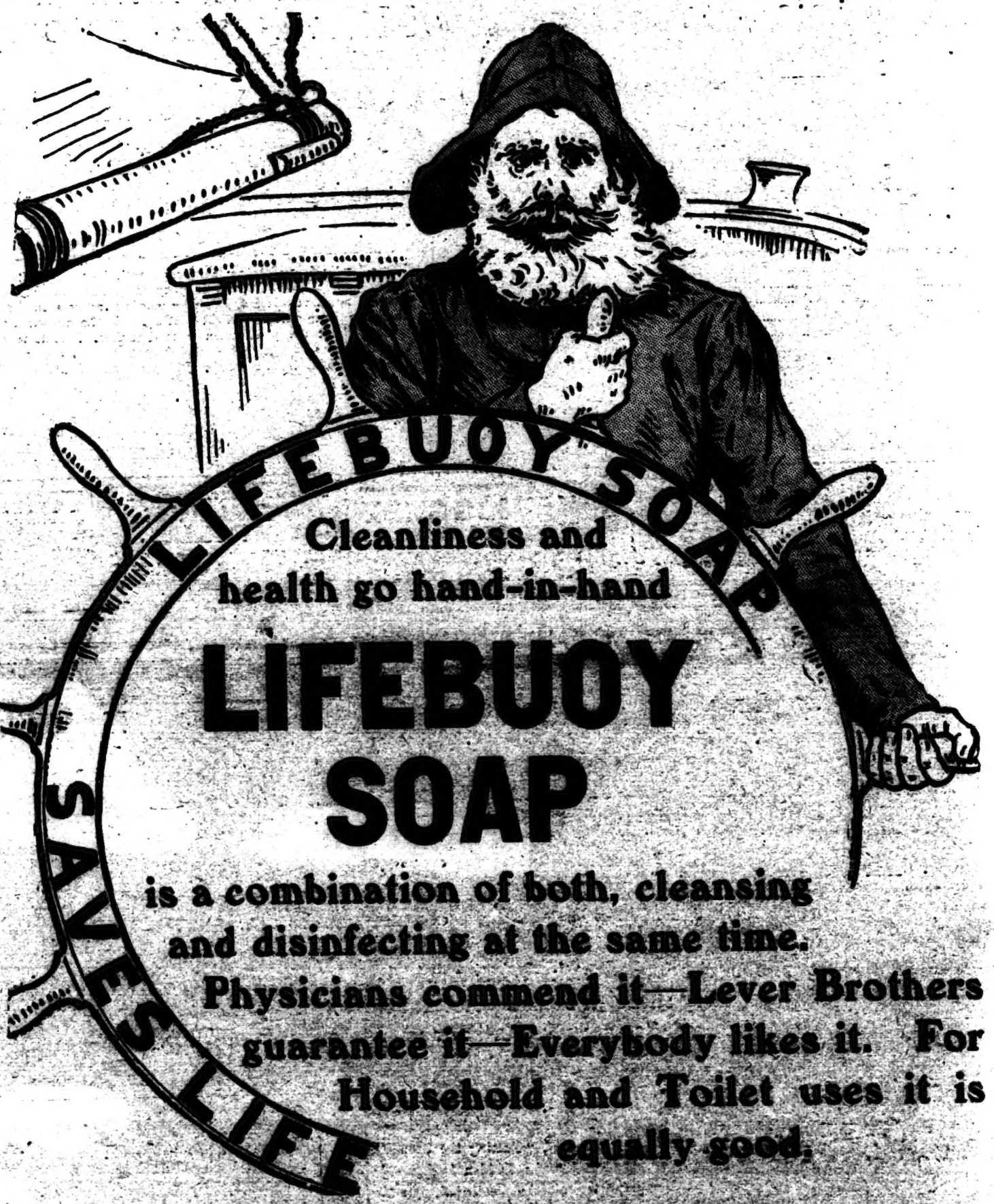

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